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What Mr. Shepilov Forgot

FOUR out of the six self-styled principles contained in Mr. Shepilov's note to the western powers on the Middle East should, if seriously intended, be accepted by all reasonable opinion in the West. Three of them are merely accepted platitudes about national sovereignty and the peaceful settlement of disputes. The fourth —mutual renunciation of the supply of arms to Middle East countries—is in accordance with a U.N. resolution and is the absolute prerequisite of a lowering of tension in the region.

In recent years, both the Soviet Union and the western powers have competed in contributing to the arms build-up in the Arab states. There is some uncertainty about the level of actual deliveries from both sources since last November. But this paragraph in the Russian note has an ironical ring when judged beside last week's agreement between President Eisenhower and King Saud. Under this, a medieval tyrant, whose kingdom is characterised by cruelty, slavery and disease, is to be given sufficient arms and equipment to open a new phase in the Middle East arms race.

Why? This question brings one up against the two tough nuts in Mr. Shepilov's proposals—the dismantling of the Baghdad Pact and the "liquidation of foreign bases." The Baghdad Pact, as this journal has often observed, was never a going concern in its original form; and participation in it by the western great powers is becoming more and more unreal—without any help from Mr. Shepilov. The liquidation of bases is a different matter. It was to secure a further five-year lease of the strategic air base at Dhahran that President Eisenhower was driven to make his unsavoury deal with Saud; and the Russians know perfectly well that, as things stand at the moment, there is no possibility whatever of the Americans agreeing to abandon such a crucial strategic position.

However, that possibility must in the end arise. No doubt the arms now being promised to Saudi Arabia are to be used in the first instance to increase the threat against Israel. But their longer term purpose is to magnify inside the Arab world the prestige and influence of the only Arab ruling group which is completely uncompromising in its hostility to western ideas. In the long run the Americans will find, as the British have found, that their policies have created a monster they can no longer control.

What better to do, then, than to talk to the Russians and seek to create the conditions in which a bargain can be struck? There seems no solution to the problems of the Middle East so long as Russia and the West deny each other all collaboration. That one of the Russian demands is for the moment out of the question need be no obstacle to the opening of negotiations; and the problem of the Dhahran base would look less intractable if agreement were reached on other issues, where the conflict of purpose is less sharp. Only by taking them seriously in the first instance can the West test the good faith of the Russian proposals. We do not believe that the position of the present Soviet administration is a very strong one; and it may be that Mr. Krushchev and his colleagues really desire to relax some of the new tensions which have followed Hungary and Suez. If so, do we in the west not share that desire?

The real ground for scepticism about the Soviet note is not the fact that it seeks to counter the Eisenhower doctrine, but that it omits any clear proposals about Israel. It is the survival of the state of Israel (or, rather, uncertainty whether the great powers are prepared to insist unconditionally on Israel's right to live and trade) which has led over the years to the miserable and dangerous Dutch auction for the favours of the Arab rulers.

Israel's survival in peace must now be unambiguously guaranteed by the western powers. And such a guarantee, the only means of ending Arab blackmail, contains no sort of threat against the Soviet Union or any of the principles on which its foreign policy is based. Why should not the Russians join in such a guarantee? This is the seventh point on the agenda which the West should insist that Mr. Shepilov must deal with if he wants his own six to be taken seriously.

Comments on the Week's News

Adenauer's Hesitation

Dr. Adenauer's unexpectedly long delay in replying to the latest Russian note may be partly due to irritation at Russian discourtesy in publishing its contents unilaterally; but it is probably also due to his genuine perplexity what the reply should be. The note may be a shop-worn piece of hypocrisy; but it does, in a sense, play into the hands of the Social Democrats. Although the elections are not until September 15, the campaign has already started and Adenauer's rigid pro-West policy will certainly be one of the main issues. In the last foreign policy debate in the Bundestag, Herr Von Brentano made it plain that the government would stick firmly to its "policy of strength" line, in the closest possible collaboration with the Eisenhower administration. But Germans are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with this formula, and the Social Democrats, in particular, are now firmly committed to the creation of a European security pact, guaranteed by America and Russia, and with a reunified Germany as a full member. They argue that this would not mean Germany's withdrawal from Nato, but merely a revision of the treaty. Not surprisingly, therefore, they have publicly welcomed the trade sections of the Russian note, and they can argue, with some justice, that their formula for reunification does at least make sense in terms of Soviet policy, whereas the Adenauer line offers no hope of a solution. Many thoughtful West Germans now consider reunification to be more urgent than ever before. They believe that the risk of a popular outbreak in East Germany is growing from month to month, and that should it occur and should the Russians attempt to suppress it with force, West Germany would find it impossible to refrain from intervening, with the consequent risk of a world war. To such people, Adenauer's long-drawn refusal to accept reunification on anything less than his own terms is out of date, and this feeling has certainly been strengthened by the new Russian note.

Mr. Mintoff's Last Lap

The final stages have now been entered in the long struggle to integrate the people of Malta with the British nation. Mr. Dom Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, has waged his battle with courage and political shrewdness for over three years. He is now in the midst of negotiations with the Colonial Office designed to settle the final form of the constitutional marriage. Two main issues will dominate these discussions. First, the constitutional bill which will provide for three Maltese members of the Westminster parliament, and will establish the powers of the Malta government. This can either continue the colonial type of relation between this country and Malta, while allowing for Maltese representation at Westminster; or it can genuinely bring the Maltese people within the U.K. community. There is a difference here between the Colonial Office and the Home Office approach. Secondly, the method of attaining equivalent living standards for the people of Malta has to be settled. In British terms, a large proportion of the present Maltese working people are unemployed. It may be that British defence cuts will increase this number considerably, as Britain has virtually taken control of the Maltese economy by using the island for its strategic purposes, and so made the dockyard the principal avenue of employment. It is clear that we have a special responsibility for the economic welfare of the Maltese people. It would be intolerable to accept the use of Maltese facilities and dockyard workers, to integrate the Maltese people into Britain, and yet leave them to fend for themselves economically, dependent on the whims of British policy.

Deadlock at Briggs

Complete deadlock was reached on Monday in the negotiations between the trade unions and the Ford Motor Company over the Briggs dispute. At the final stages of the negotiation procedure, all the unions concerned jointly asked for the reinstatement of the dismissed shop steward, Mr. J. McLoughlin. The company flatly refused, declaring its determination to restore "discipline" and to insist on a strict observance of the procedure which forbids strike action until all the stages of negotiation have been duly completed. The A.E.U., as the union chiefly concerned, has now decided, regardless of what the other unions do, to call on its members to vote for or against an official strike. The only other course open was that of asking the Minister of Labour to intervene by ordering an inquiry into the whole affair. It is not disputed that Mr. McLoughlin, by ringing a bell to call a meeting during working hours, caused an unofficial strike contrary to the official provision for prior negotiation: the question is whether his action was justified by the unco-operative attitude of the firm towards the shop stewards. For some years there has been constant bickering at Briggs, the firm alleging that the shop stewards have deliberately flouted the rules of discipline, and the stewards that the management has been attempting to undermine their influence. Some of the union leaders are undoubtedly uncomfortable, attributing the trouble to left-wing influence among the stewards; and these, headed by the General & Municipal Workers, have been calling for an official inquiry as an alternative to immediate strike action. The firm says it is willing for an inquiry to be held; but there is strong feeling, especially in the A.E.U., that the present case is one of victimisation and that a matter of trade union principle is at stake. For the moment the next word is with the A.E.U., which may well find itself faced with a renewed unofficial stoppage unless it makes haste with its ballot arrangements. As to the proposed inquiry, it is hardly to be supposed that it would elicit any new facts. It would be bound to find that Mr. McLoughlin acted contrary to the agreed rules of negotiating procedure, for that is admitted. The question is whether the management's attitude gave him reasonable cause, and on that issue no agreement is at all likely to be reached.

Green Light for Ghana

Speculation was mixed with drama when last week Kwame Nkrumah's two principal lieutenants, Mr. Gbedemah and Mr. Botsio, suddenly flew here from Accra to interview the Colonial Secretary. As Mr. Lennox-Boyd had returned from the Gold Coast only a few days previously, apparently well satisfied with his mediating efforts, it was clear that a new crisis had arisen. Indeed the publication of the promised White Paper was postponed. The point at issue between the Gold Coast and British governments was the method to be adopted in amending the entrenched clauses of the new constitution, particularly involving the position of the five Regional Assemblies. This is the central factor which has divided Nkrumah's government from the National Liberation Movement. Mr. Lennox-Boyd eventually got his way; the consequence being that now any two of the five Regional Assemblies can block constitutional amendments passed by two-thirds of the National Assembly. As regional elections will be held every three years such a veto will have to be submitted to the electorate within a comparatively short time. Nevertheless, this provision is a major concession by the Gold Coast government to the opposition. Faced with the threat of the absence of royal or American representation at the independence celebrations, Dr. Nkrumah's emissaries decided on conciliation in order to save independence itself. The Gold Coast government has now every right to expect that the opposition will co-operate completely in establishing the independent state of Ghana on March 6.

Mr. Brooke's Rating Plan

On Tuesday the Minister of Housing and Local Government announced sweeping changes in the structure of local government finance. Industry and transport undertakings, which were derated down to a quarter of their annual value in 1928, are to be re-rated up to half their value, thus providing local authorities with an additional source of local rates. This, however, will be taken account of in the reassessment of Exchequer grants-in-aid. Even more important is the proposal to abolish most of the grants hitherto made (mainly on a percentage basis) in aid of particular local services and to substitute a general block grant. The amount of this is to be fixed for some years ahead, though not necessarily at the same level each year—for account is to be taken of anticipated rises in local expenditure. The main education grants, which form the biggest item of all, are to be merged in this general grant, together with those for child-care, local authority health services, fire services and a number of others. Equalisation grants-in-aid for the poorer areas are to continue, but on a revised basis still to be settled. The main grants will continue to go to the counties and county boroughs; the district councils are in future to get some share in the equalisation grant direct, instead of through the counties. The government argues that the new plan will give the local authorities greater freedom and responsibility in spending their money as they choose, and also that it will have the advantage of allowing the sum to be provided from the centre to be known in advance. It will, of course, mean that any local authority which wishes to advance beyond the minimum in any particular service will have to meet the entire additional cost out of rates, without any percentage grant from the Exchequer. Before the plan can come into force there will be prolonged and complicated negotiations with the local authorities, with industry and with the nationalised services, whose contributions to local finance are also to be assessed on the new basis.

Behind the plan is a compromise between those who favour the entire abolition of the 1928 derating provisions, which were introduced as a consequence of the desire to reduce industrial costs during the depression, and those who claim that it is still as urgent as ever to keep these costs down. We naturally welcome this much re-rating of industry and transport, though we should prefer to see it carried to its logical conclusion. One reason given by Mr. Brooke for stopping at 50 per cent. is that revaluation on a basis of current values has

already added appreciably to the industrial contribution; and much will doubtless be made of this point by the F.B.I. and other employers' representatives. We are much more doubtful of the wisdom of abolishing the percentage grant system—especially in the case of education, which may easily become the chief sufferer when it is put in direct competition with other local services for its share in a fixed grant. It is true that the percentage system has a tendency to help the wealthier more than the poorer areas; but, as against this, it has encouraged the more progressive authorities to demand things they might have fought shy of if the rates had had to bear the whole cost. The fact is that rates, whatever may be done to improve their incidence, seem certain to remain an unfair and burdensome kind of tax. Mr. Brooke says that the government has failed to find any practicable alternative source of local finance and will not contemplate diverting the proceeds of any existing tax now levied nationally into the local authorities' coffers. On this basis no really satisfactory solution is possible; for the costs of local government are bound to go on rising and the rates with them, even if derating were to be wholly abandoned.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Venice

Nenni's Ups and Downs

A Correspondent at the Italian Socialist Party Congress writes: Long before the Hungarian revolution, Nenni had been discarding the pro-Soviet conformism which has held his party prisoner since the end of the war, and Hungary merely destroyed his last hesitations. "For the U.S.S.R.," he said in his opening congress speech, "the intervention in Hungary has been the gravest error since the October Revolution." It necessitated a clear choice, and he, for his part, had no doubts as to what that choice should be. For all time, he said, "I am with the anti-Stalinists, with the students, the intellectuals and the technicians who wanted a thorough democratisation without prejudicing the economic and social consequences of the revolution." In terms of Italian politics, this meant a clear break with the C.P.—the end not merely of the Action Pact but of all forms of regular co-operation.

Even before Nenni spoke, the congress had really decided on Socialist reunification. Recent victories by the Christian Democrat and Saragat unions at the Fiat and Olivetti works, at the expense of the joint Socialist-Communist C.G.I.L., have convinced nearly everyone in Nenni's party that a break with the Communists is essential if the party is to survive. Nenni put the argument on a high, emotional plane, but it is also backed by solid, political facts, and there is no doubt that the vast majority of the delegates shared his conclusions. There was the usual mud-slinging at Saragat, and some speakers defended the policy of the last ten years on the grounds that it had been imposed on the party by the international and internal situation. There were also sentimental recollections of the battles fought side-by-side with the Communists. But the desire for a break with the C.P. (though not with the working class), and for Socialist reunification (though not on Saragat's terms) was general, if expressed in various tones.

Nenni scored a great victory on the main issue, not only at the congress but on Italian public opinion. Italians, commenting on Mr. Bevan's presence, were convinced that he thinks Nenni is more Socialist than Saragat. The Saragat-Bevan skirmish was formally cleared up in Rome, but the impression has now been indestructibly created that the Labour Party, particularly in foreign affairs, is much closer to Nenni than Saragat. British observers are satisfied that the Communist trojan horses have been ousted from the party machine, even though the left-wing Pertini group remains strong, and that the party's centre of gravity has swung sharply to the right. The Communists argue that the congress was merely a cardboard edifice to cover up a decision which had already been taken behind the scenes, but there is no doubt that their observers left Venice angry and disillusioned.

Despite his triumph on the reunification issue, however, Nenni suffered a relative setback in the elections to the party's central committee. This congress, unlike its predecessors, had not been "stage managed" in advance because Nenni was anxious that the pro-Communist wing should be forced into the open, where its true weakness could be revealed. For this very reason, however, the Pertini group refused to fight and allowed the reunification motion to be carried unopposed. Nenni's tactics, therefore, misfired; moreover, by agreeing to separate lists for the central committee elections, he played into the hands of the bureaucrats' group from party headquarters, the professional politicians who are not opposed to reunification but do not want to lose their jobs in the reshuffle. With 30 members, they form the largest group in the committee. The Basso group, who bear some resemblance to neo-Trotskyists, were also strengthened. They do not oppose reunification either, but Basso himself now constitutes a serious challenge to Nenni as leader of the party. For the moment these two have come to an understanding. The elections to the central secretariat and the executive committee show that Nenni will not only remain Secretary General, but retain control of the party. How much his prestige has suffered in all this remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, Saragat will probably use the argument that Nenni is a prisoner of his "wild men" to delay the process of reunification. But he, like Nenni, is not entirely master in his own house. The younger Social Democrat leaders are painfully aware that if the party rejects Nenni's overtures, it will degenerate into a mere adjunct of the Demochristians; and they may be prepared to jettison Saragat rather than allow the opportunity to pass.

Tokyo

Hands Across the Sea

A student of the Asian press writes: Speeches in the Japanese Diet last week suggest that the Ishibashi government (formed last December) will try to normalise its relations with the Chinese People's Republic. Foreign Minister Nobusuke Kishi paid his respects to the U.S. and to the U.N., but he, like many Japanese politicians and most Japanese industrialists, looks hopefully (and anxiously) at the growing economic and political strength of the neighbour just across the sea. Recently, this was the chief topic of a meeting attended by Japanese diplomats in Asia and the Pacific region. Their decision that Japan's relations with China should be established on a non-official basis for the time being was interpreted by the Socialists as paying undue heed to American susceptibilities. The Socialists, who are sending a goodwill mission to China in a few weeks' time, have now persuaded the Japanese Foreign Minister that it is against the national interest to allow the Americans to use Japan as an atomic platform; and the government has now officially asked for the suspension of British nuclear tests due to take place round Christmas Island. Chou En-lai must feel that everything is going his way. For this growing independence in Japan's foreign policy is accompanied by an increasing trade with China and a rapid development of political tourism.

Apart from the growth of political tourism (about 60 Japanese organisations and 1,243 individual Japanese visited China in 1956; while more than a third of the Socialist members of the Diet have been there during the last four years), the most significant development is in trade relations. More than a million and a half people visited the 26-day Japanese Commodity Exhibition in Shanghai last December. It had already been seen by about the same number in Peking two months earlier. Still bigger exhibitions are planned for Canton and Wuhan this year. *Jen Min Jih Pao*, editorially greeting the exhibition in Peking, wrote: "Japanese visitors to China have repeatedly been told by the leaders of our government that China hopes to establish normal trade relations with Japan. . . . But it is a regrettable fact that trade between the two countries is still abnormal. The Japanese government, under pressure from the U.S., operates the trade embargo policy against our country, so Japan cannot freely export to China many industrial products which China is willing to buy from Japan and Japan is capable of selling. . . ."

That theme was taken up by Ouyang Yu-chien in the Peking *Jih Pao*, who explained that due to the trade embargo many things would not be on display. In fact, he wrote, any intelligent person could see the foolishness of the embargo which had not delayed China's socialist construction. Nor were the Japanese people willing to submit to foreign interference: "this unreasonable situation will not last long. . . ." While the exhibition was on show in Shanghai, the *Chieh Fang Jih Pao* said: "In view of the historical and geographical conditions of China and Japan, the development of trade on the basis of equality and mutual benefit is essential to both parties." And the *Sin Wen Jih Pao*, which has a large circulation among industrial and commercial circles, stated editorially that, while the volume of trade between the two countries was increasing annually, both the items and volume at present were limited. "Obviously, this is not what the people of the two countries desire."

Japan's recent enthusiasm for trade with China is based on her shrewd appraisal of China's demands during the second Five-year plan; on the greater stability of the Chinese market for imports and exports, compared with the South-east Asian market; and, thirdly, on the need to develop the China market before it is captured by European countries. The Chinese expert on Japanese economic affairs, Wu Pan-nung, recently wrote in the *Kuang Min Jih Pao* that, if Japan wanted to have a healthy development of her economy, she should first of all normalise her trade with China. He forecast the decline in Japan's quantity boom if the Japanese government did not adopt an independent, economic policy. The *Jen Min Jih Pao* greeted the formation of the Ishibashi government with the comment that it was faced "with the severe test of whether or not it will carry out a foreign policy in line with Japan's national interests. . . .".

Westminster

Dodging the House of Commons

Until he can devise a policy, the Prime Minister is obviously anxious to keep his government away from the House of Commons. When he has to be there himself, at Question Time, his answers tend to be disengagingly flippant. If he has to make a speech—asserting, perhaps, that he helped to build the welfare state or that he supports Nato as an intrument for proving to aggressors that aggression does not pay—he makes it on television where he cannot be heckled; and when, as it did this week, the opposition tries to come to grips by moving censure motions, Mr. Macmillan and most of his senior colleagues absent themselves, leaving their unprepared positions in charge of some underling who is scarcely worth assaulting.

Such tactics cannot continue for long. Already, despite the soothing urbanities of Mr. Henry Brooke, the government has become heavily engaged over the Rent Bill with its own supporters, whose amendments to Clause 9 go much further than anything Brooke seems so far to have had in mind; and after Tuesday's debate on the economic situation Macmillan may be aware of other dangers.

He himself had a bad day. His answer to a serious question about guided missile bases in this country had been so offhand that Mr. Frank Beswick told him tersely to "cut out the funny stuff." Then he disappeared from view, leaving Mr. Harold Wilson to make, unchallenged, a devastating analysis of his record. Macmillan, said Wilson, "has the endearing habit of proclaiming what a mess he has inherited from whoever of his colleagues he has succeeded." This shot went right home. Government supporters could not yet have forgotten how, on taking over from Sir Anthony Eden, the new Prime Minister had suggested that it was all or nothing. Such was the mess in which he had found the country; and Mr. Butler's wan smile showed that he, too, remembered how his successor as Chancellor had described the results of the Butler budgets.

Before this receptive audience, Wilson sketched Macmillan's own record as Chancellor—a budget surplus overestimated by something like £400 million, an export increase lower than that of any western European country, a productivity increase which, for the first time since the war, was negligible, an "opportunity state," in which, like the Premium Bond scheme, a few got rich prizes and the majority were lucky to keep whatever they came in with.

Macmillan's only counter to this attack was Mr. Nigel Birch. In opposition, Birch did more than any other back-bencher to exasperate the Labour government. His contemptuous sarcasms cut into the flesh of many a minister. But now that he is himself a minister, he has changed his style. He tries to ingratiate. Stumbling through his manuscripts, he pauses from time to time to insinuate an appealing smile which shivers every opposition spine. Instead of being contemptuous, he is making himself contemptible. Government supporters, in fact, were left without a lead until the very end of the debate, when Mr. Iain Macleod took charge.

Macleod is the government's best in-fighter. When hitting below the belt he can both get on the blind side of the referee and, with that blandly good natured smile on his face, look like the inventor of the Queensberry Rules. His skilful knockabout act ended the debate in exactly the atmosphere which Macmillan is trying to create—that all this House of Commons stuff is so much sham fighting and that the government, like some South Sea Bubble company, ought to be given blind support "for purposes to be divulged later."

Any new government must have time to prepare its policies—though because the economic situation is so serious, this government has little time to spare. Yet there is no sign that Macmillan's expensive education—Eton and Suez as Wilson called it—has borne fruit. We know that he is proposing to put up rents. We hear that he is proposing to follow the increase in prescription charges by making patients pay for treatment in hospitals. But of policy which might make some impact on the balance of payments problem there is none. All we are given is Birch, intoning platitudes of monetary theory, and Macleod, roguishly protesting that it is the opposition's job to produce policy. Macmillan will not be able to hide for long behind either this novel constitutional doctrine or the inflations of his publicity agent, Dr. Charles Hill. Nor can he be sure that if he fails to give a lead, Butler, who built his reputation as a policy maker, will be content to remain indefinitely as the best Home Secretary we have.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

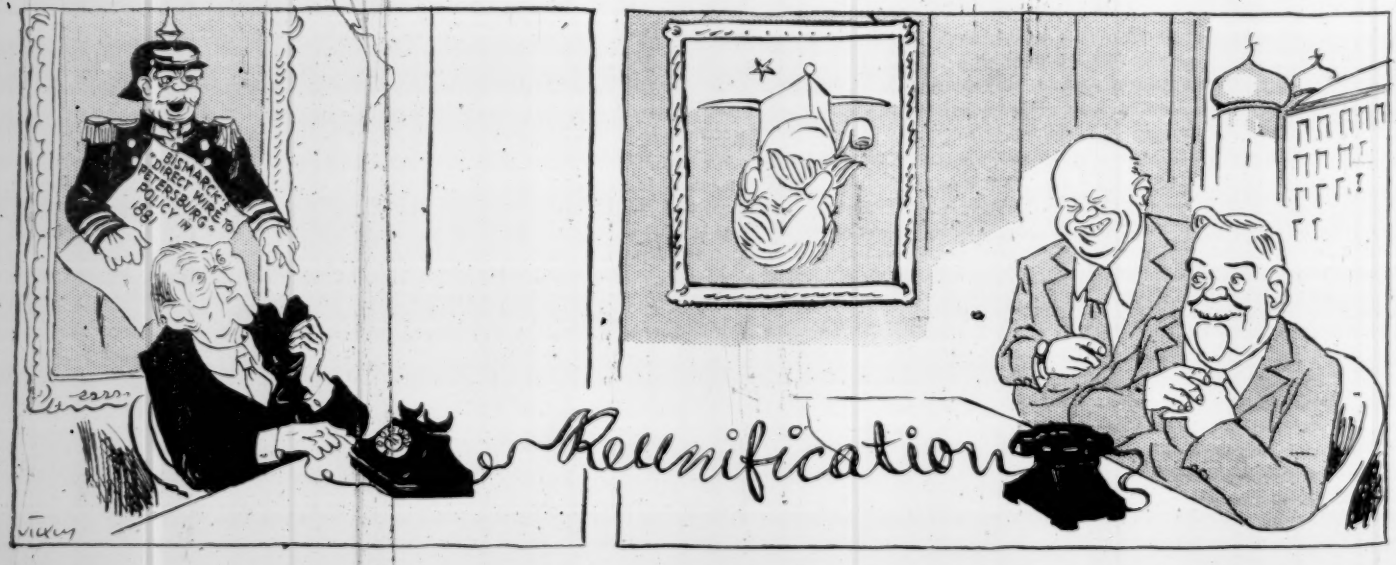
Trade Union Seats

Catching an echo of trade union discontent with the selection of Labour candidates, Conservative commentators have been quick to suggest that a new battle is approaching between the political and industrial wings of the movement. The trade unions, it is said, are worried about the kind of people now being chosen for by-elections and for safe and marginal seats, and they have accordingly decided to tighten up both the methods of selection and their financial relations with the Labour Party machine. If the unions are to pay more, as they will under the new arrangements now being worked out, then they must have assurances that their nominees will get a fair share of the available seats.

It is true that there is some dissatisfaction among the unions. The Morpeth constituency infuriated the mineworkers when, in what had previously been considered a "mining seat," it passed over the miners' candidate for a by-election. There was similar annoyance more recently, when the Wednesbury party chose a Co-operative nominee at the expense of Mr. Gunter of the Transport Salaried Staffs' Association. And, finally, the appearance at North Lewisham of a candidate who, whatever his qualities, is a barrister with about one year's membership of the Labour Party, has given fresh point to the complaints that soft-spoken middle-class nominees have a better chance of carrying a selection conference than have men who have given a lifetime of unspectacular service to the movement.

There are a number of questions mixed up together here, and it is useful to untangle them. Is this simply a question of the proportion of trade unionists, as such, in the Parliamentary Labour Party? Or is there an anxiety lest the professionals and intellectuals prove to be men of the left? Is it that some members of the T.U.C. General Council distrust "intellectuals" on principle, as Ernest Bevin did, and are anxious to reassert their control over party policy and the party machine? Or is there a genuine feeling that the union point of view—and that of the rank-and-file trade unionist—cannot be adequately expressed by professional politicians?

Before one suggests any answers to such questions, it is well to look at the facts. Since 1945, the proportion of trade union-sponsored candidates has declined. In the pre-war years, the



trade unionists were the spine of the party because they held safe seats which withstood even the 1931 disaster. But the proportion is still far from negligible. At the 1955 election, there were 128 candidates sponsored by trade unions, and at least 96 of them were successful. That is to say, just over a third of the Labour M.P.s are nominated and financially supported by their trade union. A great many of the others, of course, are members of their appropriate trade union, and some of them may even have played prominent parts in the union movement, yet owe their election to normal selection procedure. There are, besides, members of such organisations as the National Union of Journalists, Association of Supervisory Staffs Technicians and the National Association of Local Government Officers, which do not sponsor parliamentary candidatures. No one can argue that trade unionism is poorly represented in the House of Commons. And though much has been made of the fact that Labour, too, has its Etonians and Wykehamists, only one Labour M.P. in nine went to a public school, only one in three went to a secondary school at all, while the number who enjoyed a university education is only slightly larger than those who went to Ruskin or the Central Labour College.

The suggestion that the middle-class dominates the party seems to have rather more substance at the top than among the rank-and-file. The only trade union M.P.s of national standing in the shadow cabinet are Aneurin Bevan and Alfred Robens. But one reason for this is that the unions, as a rule, do not send their best men into parliament: they are saved for the high posts in the union, for the General Council of the T.U.C. and for the trade union seats on the National Executive of the Labour Party. Men such as Alan Birch, of the Shop and Distributive Workers, or Frank Cousins, of the Transport Workers, are men of Cabinet calibre—but their careers are entirely maintained outside the House. If they wished to enter parliament, or seek posts in the shadow Cabinet were they elected, there is no doubt that they could do so.

And it is this question of calibre that is affecting the selection of men from the trade union candidates' panels. Many constituency parties do not want to be fobbed off with a trade union official who looks on the House as a place for a relatively pleasant retirement. The trade unions who are anxious about this question would do well to examine their panels. They might find that even the financial bait of sponsorship—with all that this means to a party hard pressed to pay the agent's salary—is not enough to attract votes to a nominee who would not otherwise have reached even the short list.

There is a further problem here. The local branches of many unions do not play an active part in the life of their constituency parties. True, they may send their delegates to the management committees, and individual members may work actively in ward organisations. But, too often, trade union affiliation on the local level is a matter of a fee and the occasional appearance of a delegate. When, therefore, a trade union nominee is put forward at a selection conference, many of those present and voting will look askance at this nomination out of the blue. The man concerned may be first-class. But it is probable that, unless he lives or works locally, no one but his own union members may have heard of him.

This, of course, is one cause of resentment. It is felt that "intellectuals" have a head start over a trade unionist. They may be known through radio or TV appearances; they may have written pamphlets or articles in the press; and they bring with them an aura of public life, a presence and an experience that awakens slumbering snobberies. They may, in fact, well be the more obvious choice as a candidate, even though they may make a far worse M.P. for the division than a working-class man.

Now it is simply not true that it would be better for parliamentary democracy if the Labour Party in the House were stuffed with brilliant debaters and researchers, whose minds could range over foreign and domestic problems with the agility of ambitious young men in the Oxford Union. While talent is needed for ministerial posts, integrity, application, and genuine sense of what working-class life is really like are equally valuable qualifications. The great strength of the Labour movement is the fact that it is a genuine alliance. If the balance of the alliance were to be tipped too far in favour of its middle-class members, the party could well degenerate into a rootless combination of liberal politicians and neo-ILPers, with more than a dash of French Socialism. That is why the device of trade union sponsorship has its values besides its faults. The real point at issue is not the desirability of trade union candidates but the desirability of good trade union nominees.

And this is not a matter that can or should be posed in terms of left and right within the party. Many of the middle-class M.P.s are men and women of the right, or the centre, while a fair number of the trade union representatives are left of the centre. It would be stupid to set up a false division within the movement. Of course, some of the trade union leaders are anxious to put their nominees into the House because they are considered safe counterweights to the left. So far as that consideration lies behind the present discontent, a genuine argument is being used as a demagogic cover for other purposes. But there has been a remarkable swing away from the right within the trade union movement in the last two or three years. There is no reason why that movement of opinion should not be reflected among the trade union nominees at selection conferences. The movement as a whole would be healthier if it were. The problem cannot be solved by thrusting unattractive candidates on local parties as the price of financial support. It can be eliminated if the trade unions make their alliance with the political party more effective at the constituency level.

Clearing Up the Oil Mess

By Our Washington Correspondent

HARSH words from both sides in Congress have stung the U.S. government into action to clear up the oil mess. In both House and Senate hearings, Democrats and Republicans alike have claimed that the administration has allowed the oil industry to profit from the Suez stoppage and to indulge in price fixing contrary to federal law. Congressional annoyance has been sharpened by the secrecy of government witnesses. A sub-committee has finally prised open the minutes of a secret meeting which took place last September between representatives of the oil industry and high government officials. Its purpose was to formulate emergency plans for an oil lift to Europe in the event of a shut down of the Suez Canal. The minutes record that the big companies warned the government at that time that only federal direction could halt price rises if the Canal were to be closed. Arthur Flemming, Director of Defence Mobilisation until his resignation last week, told the oil men at that time that the government would take the necessary action on prices. But apparently doctrinaire prejudices have prevailed. Both Flemming and other officials have now testified that in the event they made no effort to curb the price rises.

Crude oil prices began rising almost as soon as the Canal was shut. Early last month, the Humble Oil Company, a Standard Oil affiliate, imposed another 12 per cent. increase. This increase spread to the prices of retail petrol and heating oils on the domestic market. Howls of protest from consumers are now resounding across Capitol Hill and making themselves heard in the White House and as far afield as the Augusta golf course. The government is now turning on the member companies of the Middle East Emergency Committee, which the government itself originally sponsored. This week the Department of Justice has initiated a grand jury investigation of possible market sharing and price fixing by refiners, pipe-line owners and marketers. A substantial proportion of these facilities are controlled by M.E.E.C. firms; and these firms have at the same time been issued with subpœnas by the Senate Anti-trust Sub-committee. By this weekend they must produce all existing documents on the oil lift and the recent price increases.

The problem of the short-fall in actual deliveries to Europe is complex. M.E.E.C. plans specify shipments of 500,000 barrels a day of crude and residual fuel oil, with emphasis on crude. At present about 250,000 barrels daily is all that is being shipped. At the same time, shipments of Venezuelan crude oil to the east coast refineries of the U.S. have been increased by about 250,000 barrels a day to make up for the loss of Middle East oil, on which the east coast normally depends. The problem could be solved if U.S. domestic production were increased by a similar 250,000 barrels a day. This could be shipped from the Gulf ports to the east coast, and the Venezuelan oil could then be diverted to Europe. But the regulatory agency in the principal domestic oil-producing state, the Texas Railroad Commission, has so far refused to authorise the necessary increases in output. The independent companies exercise a controlling influence on the Texas Commission and they fear that they would not benefit from the increase. Most of their wells are inland and they do not own facilities for getting their oil to the ports. Thus any additional production might well be left on their hands.

A logical solution might be for the major international companies to be allowed to increase output in their domestic wells, while the others maintained their present levels. The difficulty about this, however, is that it would undermine the whole "prorating" system, by which output rises or falls in equal proportions for all wells according to the decisions of the regulatory commissions. The independents regard this system

NEXT WEEK

Holiday Travel

A Special Supplement

London Diary

C. P. SNOW

What is British Socialism?

PAUL T. HOMAN

as their strongest protection in this, the most cut-throat of industries, and they would defend it to the bitter end. Thus the only practicable solution seems to be a general increase in "allowable" production levels for all producers. The Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Felix Wormser, last month appealed to the state regulatory bodies, saying that U.S. relations with western Europe "are likely to be seriously undermined" unless Gulf coast production is increased. A short time later a senior official in the office of Defence Mobilisation said that the reaction of the Texas agency to Mr. Wormser's appeal had "not been very affirmative." He also said that if results were not forthcoming the government would send a "formal" communication. This formal communication is understood to be now on its way. There is some scepticism here whether it will have much effect.

London Diary

THE U.N. situation is less savage this week. It would be fantastic if sanctions should be imposed on Israel while Egypt maintains a state of belligerency with her, including a blockade against Israeli ships in the Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba, and also gives no guarantees against provocative frontier-raids from the Gaza Strip. Israel will not, I am sure, withdraw from the Gaza Strip or from the Gulf of Aqaba until she has some less vague guarantee than that suggested by Mr. Dulles. But it is already clear that American influence is being used against sanctions, and without American support the boycott of Israel is unlikely to grow stiffer than it is already. Walter Lippmann, putting his point admirably in his column in the *Herald Tribune* and in the *Manchester Guardian*, said that the Assembly had become "a place where nobody can afford to stand up in public and be reasonable," for fear of being regarded as a traitor at home, with the result that a practice had grown up of letting the Assembly "speak ambiguously, and then be silent, while secretly and quietly things are talked over in private, perhaps even agreed to in private, that could never be discussed in public."

* * *

Next week Portugal will be crowded with newspaper correspondents, especially British ones. They will tell us about what the Queen wears when she greets the Duke after their prolonged absence; we shall be given photographs of the President and Salazar, Portugal's perpetual Prime Minister. We shall hear about the huzzahs of the populace, and we shall admire the self-restraint of any reporter who doesn't mention that Portugal is our oldest ally. That will all be very proper. But good reporting, it seems to me, should begin, not end, at this point. They might follow up, for instance, the implications of a letter recently addressed to the President of Portugal. It was signed by a galaxy of well-known Portuguese liberal and left-wing intellectuals. They pointed out that it is they, the unrepresented and persecuted intellectuals, who have the best right to welcome the Queen of England. It was Britain's attitude to liberal causes which earned her the peculiar regard of Portuguese liberals who throughout the last century fought a fluctuating battle for liberty against an authoritarian Church, an autocratic state and a feudal aristocracy. Portugal today is a very mild police state in comparison with many others, but how far civil liberty really exists would seem a legitimate object of inquiry. In Oporto, for instance, a trial of 52 Portuguese students has been proceeding for a good many weeks. Nearly 300 witnesses are appearing for the defendants, and the lawyers who are appearing on their behalf include many of the most distinguished in Portugal. The students are apparently all accused of treason; some of the charges, on the face of it, seem trivial. Although the Constitution of 1933 included Habeas Corpus amongst the fundamental rights of man, I understand that some of the accused had already been in jail for nearly two years before they were put on trial. It would seem an opportunity for British journalists to show that, like the signatories of the letter addressed to the President, they are interested in issues of civil liberty.

* * *

A rumoured split in the Royal Family, splashed all over the front pages in America, with the British press reluctantly following suit two days later—it sounds at first blush very like 1936! The palace denial of any quarrel came on Friday night, in response to American press reports; but it did not get a mention in British newspapers on Saturday. Only on Monday did they pooh-pooh the whole thing. This oddly equivocal attitude towards the news (reinforced by a strange paragraph in the *Evening Standard*) has led many people to think that there really is something wrong. The facts, as I understand them, are relatively simple. For some time the Queen and Prince Philip have not seen eye-to-eye on the extent to which the Royal Family should change with the times. The Queen takes the view that, for royalty, all change is bad change; I'm told that she accepts uncritically the advice of her conservative officials on palace protocol, royal tours, and public appearances. Philip is more go-ahead and has wider interests; he likes machines and does not share the Queen's passion for racing. He wants to reduce formalities in order to give the Queen and himself time to make unceremonial tours of British provinces, dominions and colonies. Philip's three-month tour was an attempt at a compromise. The planning, however, seems to have gone wrong in the final stages, and Philip was prevented from flying back to London from Gibraltar because this would have meant a revision of both his and the Queen's timetables, and would have upset the protocol for the Portuguese visit—about which he is said to be unenthusiastic.

* * *

It was on top of all this that the Parker incident occurred. Palace officials, much against Philip's will, forced Parker to resign immediately, instead of completing the tour. In the ensuing press sensation, the two quite separate problems have got mixed up in people's minds, and naturally both sides in the palace dispute are blaming each other—with the popular dailies giving Philip vociferous backing, and *The Times* preserving a too discreet silence. I don't imagine there will be any further developments: there is no personal quarrel. I find it surprising that the Royal Family's public relations service should have proved, once again, its total inability to learn from experience. Curiously enough, a very similar situation arose last week in Monaco, where Princess Grace has been having a tiff with Prince Rainier. Before rumours had had a chance to spread, and almost before journalists had got wind of the story, a palace official made a brief announcement that there *had* been a quarrel, explained what it had been about, and made it clear that it was all over. I'm not suggesting that our Royal Family should imitate the Grimaldis in every respect, but here they have a perfect example of how to nip an ugly scandal in the bud by simply telling the truth at the first opportunity.

Descending from the quarter deck to the school-room this week, Lord Hailsham told the electors of North Lewisham that "some things no doubt we shall do wrong." The parents of the children attending Aylesbury grammar school seem to think that he has already done them wrong. The story dates back to July, 1954, when the Bucks L.E.A. decided that Aylesbury would soon need a second grammar school, and that the most sensible course would be to turn the existing co-educational school into a school for boys and to keep the new one for girls. This decision was to be "subject to the concurrence of the governors of the present school." According to the subsequent report of the Education Committee "the opposition from the governors . . . has by no means been unanimous," which strikes me as a mad-hatter's way of admitting that all but one of the governors refused to concur. Moreover, some 1,300 other people, mainly parents and old scholars, as well as a number of representative bodies, gave their signatures in support of the school in its present form. Now I suppose that if the boys or the girls of Aylesbury grammar school were unusually nauseating, or alternatively if they were unusually captivating, there might be a good case for separating them. But I can hardly believe that the unspecified "technical considerations" which led the Committee to reaffirm its decision were of this unmentionable character. And though Lord Hailsham himself must have had a rather restricted experience of mixed schooling at Eton, he ought to have reflected, before supporting the Bucks Council, that the Education Act has laid down the principle that "pupils are to be educated in accordance with the wishes of their parents," and that he himself laid down the principle at North Lewisham that "Our parents are not people whom we are appointed to judge or criticise."

* * *

Turnstile Press, which acquired *The Journal of Education* two years ago from the Oxford University Press, is intending to suspend publication of the *Journal* after its next (March) issue, unless its transference to another publisher can be arranged in time. Greatly increased costs are one factor in this decision, but the Turnstile board have come to the conclusion that the journal could be more effectively and, perhaps, more economically run by an educational publisher. It will be a pity if this journal, nearly a century old as a monthly and for many years before that as a quarterly, fades out. Its Turnstile editor, Boris Ford, did a lot to revivify its contents and in the two years has substantially improved its circulation. Educational books have always been a highly specialised and speculative side of publishing. But they can also be very profitable and much the same, I should suppose, may be true of educational periodicals.

* * *

Broadcasting some years ago, a friend tells me that he found a notice on the table in front of the microphone requesting broadcasters not to mention *The Times* newspaper. Inquiring into this strange request he learnt that a very distinguished broadcaster had some days before remarked on the wireless that "the times are always wrong." This reference to the well-known fact that the times are always out of joint brought down a thunderous expostulation from Printing House Square. Whether the editor had been convinced or not about the misunderstanding, the B.B.C. had thought it wise to appease him by keeping out all references to *The Times* for some weeks. The story is a revealing comment on both these great national institutions.

Some rather pretty but dilapidated houses in Featherstone Buildings (just across Holborn from Great Turnstile) are being obliterated by a vast new office block. It seems to be much easier nowadays to wipe out an unwanted street: I learn from Holborn Borough Council that in getting rid of Featherstone Buildings they are relying on a London County Council Various Powers Act, a steamrollering affair which enables them to go ahead without public inquiry. It used to be necessary to satisfy two Magistrates, in open court, that the street or passage you wanted to stop up had become a public nuisance; and the procedure was laid down by an Act of 1817 which went by the delicious name of Michael Angelo Taylor's Act (the textbooks call it the Metropolitan Paving Act). In 1817, when the householders had to look after the street, they could lose it by getting too slovenly, and it was probably easy enough to prove that a courtyard or passage had become a permanent rendezvous for pigs or a receptacle for "night-soil, soaplees, and ammoniacal liquor." It was as recently as the nineteen-thirties that a courtyard known as Rose Alley, off Bishopsgate, was closed in order to put up a new building. That case went before the Magistrates; and Michael Angelo Taylor, who was one of London's great deliverers in the days when civilisation and sewage were synonyms, would have been surprised to hear what goings-on there were alleged to be in Rose Alley a hundred years after his death. This unused and prim little byway was suddenly discovered to be a resort of prostitutes, thieves and lower orders of many kinds with wildly objectionable habits, and various officials gave sworn evidence to that effect with decently straight faces. . . . Featherstone Buildings is at least dying unsmeared.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I am horrified to see that the carcase of the royal horse Winston will be "disposed of in the usual way"—for dog's meat.

Surely, after the service this noble horse gave to the country, and to its Queen, a better end can be devised. I should have thought the Queen would have immediately made arrangements for him to lie in Windsor Park, or some other such resting place.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (F. Crook.)

Five assistant managers from other cinemas at Derby, Leicester, Nottingham and Coventry will be on duty at the Gaumont during the film's run.

All will, of course, be in evening dress and, if necessary, will "patrol" the theatre. Mr. J. Alexander, the manager, has great faith in the pacifying effect of evening dress on potentially unruly members of the audience. As a symbol of authority, he believes it to be even more effective than the cinema ushers' uniform.—*Birmingham Post*. (D. J. Tisdell.)

As a woman I feel strongly about the birth of a baby being shown on television. It lowers the status of women to that of animals.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (C. G. Brook.)

It seems to me that there are too many Socialists in this League Against Cruel Sports, and we all know what happens when we get political infiltration in supposedly non-political organisations, don't we?

I say, let's keep the Britain that used to be great and, by a little effort by each of us, make it greater yet. Carry on, fox-hunters, and (as our latest leader said), "let's close the ranks and get on with the job" of ridding Britain of her vermin.—Letter in *Leicester Mercury*. (A. J. Hopkinson.)

Ballad of Babe Farmer

The youngest canvasser at North Lewisham was the Tory candidate's grand-daughter, aged nine months. Her pram carried a poster which read: "Vote for my grand-dad."

Born at the Carlton in Fifty six,
Raised on the speeches of Joynson-Hicks,
Larned in her cradle them old-time tricks,
Like Davy Crockett, she'd seen on the flicks.
Baby . . . Baby Farmer,
Queen of the Valentine fight!

Digged how to rock 'n' roll in her pram
Canvassin' voters down at Lewis*ham*,
Teached her Gran'pa in a bid fer slam,
Fer facts an' figures she don't give a damn.
Baby . . . Baby Farmer,
Bawlin' with all her might!

Labourites cool on the Suez mess,
Gunned for Mac in their wicked red press,
Tories didn't have a lot to say, I guess,
Gotta have a Babe bawls louder'n the res'.
Baby . . . Baby Farmer,
Sarvin' them Injuns right!

Don't hold with Cypriots or African blacks,
Scorns to reply to them cowardly attacks,
Figures a yell is the wisest of cracks,
Keeps her politickin' on old party tracks.
Baby . . . Baby Farmer,
Holdin' her rattle tight!

Ain't so hep in financial affairs,
Leaves all that to the old Teddy Bears,
That chinless man, with the rest of the squares
An' the cats who dabble in stocks an' shares.
Baby . . . Baby Farmer,
Queen of the Lewisham Fight!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Fight Against Slavery

THE European custom of carrying a saleable piece of jewellery as a safeguard against shortage of funds while travelling abroad has now been adapted to the different circumstances of the East. Rich Moslem pilgrims making their pious way towards Mecca take with them three or four surplus servants who are sold into slavery en route if their master's purse runs low. The exact number of these human travellers cheques who are "cashed" each year is not known; but at the town of Abeche—on the frontier of French Equatorial Africa and the Sudan—21,907 pilgrims passed through during 1954 and so far only 9,011 of that number have returned. These recently published figures are the result of a painstaking check carried out by French colonial officials with the sanction of the French government.

"Taking into account normal wastage—deaths, accidents and illness—I should think about 10,000 servant-pilgrims were sold into slavery in one year from this single route alone," stated Mr. C. W. W. Greenidge, director of the Anti-Slavery Society (and former Chief Justice of British Honduras), in a recent interview. "Many other African Moslems—we have no accurate figures—are promised a free pilgrimage by fake Moslem missionaries, seized by the Saudi Arabian authorities on the other side for illegal entry and officially sold to the slave traders. The money raised is, of course, government revenue." The Anti-Slavery Society places all Arabian slaves in the first (and worst) of its four categories of slavery or servitude: concubines, eunuchs, domestic servants, labourers and their children are the chattel property of their owners. They have no rights at all and no protection against cruelty. In Saudi Arabia, Yemen and Oman slavery is a recognised legal status.

Since the war Arabian slave traders have enjoyed a boom. The small but energetic anti-slavery machinery of the League of Nations has not so far been resurrected; Britain will not support the founding of a similar U.N. committee because the Communist bloc might use it as a propaganda weapon against the imperial powers. So British anti-slavery naval patrols in the Red Sea no longer blockade the classical slave route from Africa as they did in the Thirties.

When a slave is landed, oil royalties ensure brisk business at prices which are a source of grievance to the older generation of slave owners. The price of an able-bodied slave labourer is not too bad at £150—but £400, the current price of a good looking young girl, is bound to cause heart-searching comparisons with the rival attraction of an American car. If the girl is purchased instead of the car, the traditionalists look upon it as a victory for the old and true scale of values. So long as a man's social standing remains dependent on the number and quality of his harem, Conservative Arabians are of good heart. Slavery research workers estimate that 5 per cent. of Arabia's total population is made up of chattel slaves. But this estimate is not very helpful because population census has no place in any slave-owning Arab country. The number of chattel slaves is somewhere between 500,000 and one million—that is the nearest possible approximation.

Arabia is the only territory where government-licensed slave traders—as distinct from slave owners—still exist. Slave traders share with pools promoters and card sharpers a marked diffidence about revealing details of their profession. Nevertheless, the Anti-Slavery Society knows quite a lot, as the following extracts from its files show: "There is a recognised slave route from Dubai, Muscat, Buraimi, Al Hasa, Riyadh. The chief merchants operating this route are Ibn Gruraib Al Mirri of the Al Murra tribe, Jabu Ibn Hadfa and Ibn Abd Rabbo . . . Slavers contact groups of entertainers and musicians who give performances outside the villages . . . girls are kidnapped by hired tribesmen and an agreed sum is paid per head to the Sheikh of the tribe . . . Slaves are sold openly in the city markets . . . At Mecca they parade behind the dealer yoked like cattle, six or seven at a time . . . Eighteen months ago Mohammad Husain, slave trader to King Saud, was imprisoned for 10 years in Iraq. He had 50 under-age girls in his possession at the time of his arrest . . . Twelve Baluchi slaves were killed recently after an escape attempt, three of them (being the personal property of the King) were publicly beheaded in the Palace Square "

Slaves are expendable, but adequate numbers of replacements flow into Arabia through the vigorous efforts of the traders operating the three systems mentioned: harvesting from the annual crop of pilgrims; enticing Negroes from coastal areas of Africa; and raiding isolated villages in neighbouring countries.

As well as being the worst of the four slave categories the chattel slave is also perhaps the smallest in number. The much-discussed bond wives of Africa south of the Sahara undoubtedly form the largest category. In most of the tribes of this sub-continental area a girl is sold by her father or uncle without option and she then becomes the property of her husband. If he dies she is inherited by his heir—though if this heir is her own son he is usually persuaded to sell her as a matter of custom. The number of women involved is thought to be between 30 and 40 millions. Although the largest, it is by no means the most hopeless slave category. The

women gain some protection from the administrations of the colonial powers. Britain, France and Belgium have already done much to weaken the system. In Nigeria, bride price was recently limited to £50 and girls were given the right to appeal to a native court if they objected to their chosen husband. But it is little value to bring in such measures if the local population are not sufficiently educated and informed to make use of them. The tens of millions of slave brides are an integral part of the overall problem of African advancement, and it is unlikely that their status will improve until the economic and educational level of tribal Africa has been raised considerably.

Slavery is a shabby institution and perhaps the shabbiest form is practised in some parts of the Far East. Here the old Chinese custom of sham adoption is used to buy up unpaid domestic workers. Children are bought from poor parents in order to live out their lives as unpaid kitchen drudges in the houses of the merchant and landowner class, until they reach marriageable age. No shackles are needed. From infancy they are denied freedom and develop an attitude towards life perhaps not very different from that of a lower domestic servant in Britain in the 1850s.

Ageing prostitutes also "adopt" a girl child who is apprenticed to the trade at puberty and later keeps her mistress in return for a room and food. Sham adoption is practised mainly in China, Hong Kong, Malaya and Ceylon. The numbers involved in the last named three territories are not thought to be very large. In Hong Kong a system of government inspection has done much to eradicate the evil. Two thousand adopted children are known to inspectors who make sure that they are well treated. Officially, of course, modern China has no child slaves. But in 1939 four million were in existence and recent visitors report to the Anti-Slavery Society that Socialist optimism has been a little premature in claiming the complete elimination of the system. What is certain is that the administration in China is honestly opposed to child slavery—for the first time in the country's history—and the number of slaves is dropping year by year.

The last category of slaves (or near-slaves)—they number about eight million—live in South America, mainly in Ecuador and Peru. They are aborigine Indian serfs, held to their plots by the classical Latin mixture of debt and bondage. Landlords in these countries (most of them of Spanish descent), value and advertise their estates in terms of serfs rather than acres. It is a better indication of the true worth of the land. The serf has a limited freedom in so far as he is able to do some work for himself on the plot lent to him; but he cannot ever leave the estate of his birth or otherwise determine his life. He is a slave. And if married, he is a slave breeding slaves. Moreover, Ecuador and Peru are complacent about serfdom. During the ten years of the post-war era they have done nothing to alter the system. Bolivia, however, claims that a recent agrarian reform bill freed (or is in process of freeing) her 2½ million serfs. The Anti-Slavery Society has no reason to doubt this; U.N. experts were invited to help with the problem and there was a landowners' revolt at one stage.

Slavery, then—real "ownership" slavery and not the poor, watered-down stuff which causes rival political propagandists to fulminate—is still a cherished part of the social order in many lands. What is being done to eliminate it? Very little. Mr. Greenidge, Mr. Henry Tapscott, Commander T. S. L. Fox-Pitt—well-known to readers of the NEW STATESMAN—and one woman secretary comprise the total permanent staff of the world's only Anti-Slavery Society; Mr. Greenidge is an honorary official. They have a small office in Vauxhall Bridge Road. That anything at all is achieved is a great tribute to this small organisation.

Thirty-one years ago the Society—150 years old—was instrumental in getting the League of Nations to form its 1926 Anti-Slavery Convention. Eight years later, with the help of the British delegate, the Society was also successful in getting the League to agree to the formation of a seven-man Advisory Committee of Experts on Slavery. This committee was dedicated and fierce. Between 1934 and 1938, Nepal, Iran and Kelat were prodded into abolishing slavery officially. The committee's posthumous influence was also responsible for the later rejection of slavery by Ethiopia.

The Society's main hope for the future is that the U.N can be persuaded to form a straightforward and sharp-toothed successor to the Committee of Experts. When this is achieved the Society will press for the committee to be given powers of entry into territories suspected of slaving and the right to ask the Assembly as a whole to take action against offending states. At present, the outlook is not hopeful. This is a great disappointment to the Anti-Slavery Society—as no doubt it is also to the yoked children in the slave markets of Mecca.

BRIAN CARNEY

Fleet Street Notebook

THIS has been—for a few bright bustling days—a royal occasion. First there was the resignation of the Duke of Edinburgh's secretary, Commander Parker, and then the American stories of a "rift" between the Queen and the Duke. The latter surprisingly produced a formal denial to the Associated Press from the palace press officer, Commander Richard Colville.

Now there are few more fascinating social pastimes than a behaviour study of the press when matters affecting royalty come up. Here may be seen taking place at its starkest the struggle in the editorial breast between the desire to give the public what it wants and the vision, which every editor carries, of himself as a courtier and a diplomat.

The Parker case, of course, was simple and straightforward. It had practically everything. It clashed, it is true, with the arrival of Mr. Bill Haley of Rock 'n' Roll fame, which was unfortunate for those papers which had put their money on him as the biggest draw for years. Even the King of Rock 'n' Roll in person could not compete with the resignation of the Duke of Edinburgh's secretary as a result of matrimonial difficulties. Difficulties, moreover, which most newspapers very understandably felt were sufficiently common not to necessitate quite so much of a stir at Court in this day and age when, as was pointed out by several, we have only just lost a divorced Prime Minister and have a cabinet two of whose prominent members are living apart from their wives.

There was an immediate rush of high powered newspaper correspondents and press photographers to Gibraltar to be present at the farewell between the Duke and his secretary—all of them with seats booked on the plane which was to bring Commander Parker back to London. They came up—as tends to happen on such occasions—with notably varying stories. "They Break In Silence," reported the *Daily Express* across seven columns, with a photograph four columns wide and ten inches deep; "The grim Duke sees off his friend Parker—and neither says a word." For once the *Mirror* agreed with the *Express*. "Philip and Mike Clasp Hands in Silence," it told its readers. The *Mail* listened more closely. Not quite silence but "'Goodbye Parker,' he said, his face grim," was its version. The *Sketch* had taken the precaution of picking a correspondent with longer ears—or maybe just a more fertile imagination. "Wan, pale and unsmiling," this correspondent reported, "he [the Duke] grasped Mike by the hand, hesitated a moment as their eyes met and said: 'Good luck and God speed—whatever happens, in anything you do'." With a word or two on the plane, a press conference at the airport, another in Eaton Place, and a word or two with Commander Parker's wife, the newspapers had more than enough copy about the resigned private secretary's return. Only *The Times* did not consider it worth even a paragraph. No doubt it considered that the Top People, who, we are now advised on all the hoardings, take *The Times*, had more important matters to think about—such as the fact, surprisingly reported on its main news page (a touch of family feeling no doubt), that "Crowds Struggle To See Mr. Haley."

Meanwhile, unknown to her colleagues of the British press, Mrs. Joan Graham of the London bureau of the *Baltimore Sun* was busy mixing a charge of dynamite. As Fleet Street thumbed through the dictionary looking for fresh adjectives for the Parker story she sat herself down and cabled to her paper the report that London's international "café society" was buzzing with rumours of a rift between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh—a report which the comparatively sedate *Baltimore Sun* carried on its first page on the Friday. This was followed the next day by reports in most of the American press; whereupon, stimulated by this presumptuous challenge to its claim to have the inside dope on everything that goes on in royal circles, the tabloid New York *Sunday News*—the first paper to publish the news of a romance between Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend—weighed in with what it claimed to be "the full inside story." Main item in this was that the "old guard" headed by Lord Salisbury "the real power behind the throne" had caused a "rift" by "cracking down" on Prince Philip's "fun with high-stepping old pals."

By Sunday evening, the transatlantic cable was humming as the reports winged their way back to London. They put Sunday papers in some difficulty. Should they refer to them, or was this one of those days when editors should show that they too can be discreet. Tact won. There was no release from the palace—as the American press tended to suspect when greeted with silence. But there were one or two private telephone calls between newspapers to make sure that everyone was ready to be a gentleman. Not a Sunday paper mentioned the news that was by now setting America and a good part of the Continent aglow. In the event it was a perhaps unfortunate uprush of tact. Remembering the silence of the British press on an earlier occasion when Mrs. Simpson had become a name to set bells ringing in every newspaper office from New York to San Francisco and Boston to Miami. this onset of dumbness in Fleet Street seems to have increased rather than reduced American conjectures.

It was clear as editorial staffs arrived to get to

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work on Monday morning's papers that a decision had to be taken. Three, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald*, decided that their readers had a right to know of the American reports and the denial issued by Commander Colville. *The Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Mail* and the *Daily Sketch* (which after its recent brushes with the Press Council has now decided to adopt a high moral tone in dealing with news of the Royal Family if nothing else. The *News Chronicle*, having come to the same decision in its first edition, came to the liberal compromise in its second of publishing a couple of unobtrusive paragraphs at the end of a story about the royal visit to Portugal.

My own feeling is that the palace ought to be very grateful to the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Express*, the *Mirror* and the *Herald*. If those four had decided to be as tactful as the others I shudder to think what stories of a royal censorship would have been circulating in America.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Was Malthus Right?

[The author of this re-examination of the Malthusian theory, Dr. C. B. Goodhart, is Assistant Curator of Invertebrates in the department of Zoology at Cambridge.]

THE reputation of the Rev. T. R. Malthus (1766-1834) and of his theories on population has never stood higher than it does today. Fifty years ago many thought that Malthus could be wrong, for although the population of Europe and North America had been increasing geometrically, its living conditions had also greatly improved, and there seemed little fear of further increases being limited by the checks of famine, pestilence and war. Malthus had not taken full account of the scientific revolution in production, nor of the effects of opening up new lands to cultivation, which for a few generations enabled food production to keep ahead of population. But his basic proposition, that food supplies could at best only be increased arithmetically, unlike population which grows in geometrical progression, remained valid.

And in recent years the problem has again become most serious. The introduction of modern methods of medicine and hygiene and of food production and distribution to the economically backward regions has allowed their already large populations to start on an extraordinary—almost explosive—increase in numbers. It can be calculated that if present rates of world population growth are maintained there will be hardly room for everyone to sit down over the whole surface of the globe after two or three millennia, and there are many eminent authorities throughout the world who are ready to prophesy disaster on the basis of such calculations.

We must, however, remember that although mathematically it is true that no arithmetical progression can ever overtake a geometrical progression, this is not one of the biological laws of nature, and population increase is before all else a biological phenomenon. Extrapolation is always dangerous, and never more dangerous than in economics and biology; and Malthusian theory tacitly assumes that current rates of population growth can safely be extrapolated and that human fecundity will remain the same in the future as it is at present, unless it is artificially altered. This is certainly not self-evident and it is worth while considering whether fecundity could become altered by natural as well as by artificial means, thus falsifying the basic premises upon which the Malthusian argument depends.

Compared with most other animals, Man is not remarkable for his fecundity; and there seem to be various natural checks on human fertility, including a surprisingly high incidence of more or less complete physiological or psychological infecundity, due not to disease or injury but to congenital and probably genetically inherited factors. There is plenty of evidence that Man is genetically heterogeneous for factors affecting fertility; and many years ago Francis Galton showed that wealthy heiresses, who generally come of infertile families with few brothers and sisters to share their father's fortune, inherit and transmit their low fertility. The frequent extinction of peerages owes much to the tendency of noblemen to look for riches rather than indications of potential fertility in their prospective brides. Such genetical heterogeneity for fecundity in Man is most puzzling, for natural selection would be expected to eliminate all but the most fertile lines, and this suggests that the less fecund stocks must have some important compensating advantages to offset the selective disadvantage of their lower fertility in natural selection. These other characteristics of high survival value associated with lower fecundity are likely to involve such things as intelligence, health, strength and sexual attractiveness.

There are strong indications that success in life, whether of individuals, classes or nations, is, in fact, often correlated with lowered fertility; and history is full of examples of the extinction of advanced and successful groups of people who seemed unaccountably unable to maintain their numbers. There are many possible explanations of this, but among them is the possibility that success in life may in itself become genetically correlated with lower fecundity, and there are some *a priori* reasons for believing that this is likely to happen. A highly fertile line is at a selective advantage even when its members are individually of low quality, but the less fecund stocks will only survive in the face of natural selection if they are of good enough quality to compensate for the competitive disadvantage of their lower fertility. We may, therefore, expect to find that the average quality of the genetically less fecund will be higher than that of the more fecund, and once this association has appeared there are genetical mechanisms by means of which it could become established. A successful people will be one in which these high quality, but relatively infertile, lines have come to predominate, and so it will have a low rate of natural increase, with many of its members infecund, disinclined to marry, or otherwise infertile.

The suggestion, then, is that the observed genetical heterogeneity for factors affecting fertility is maintained by a balance of advantage between mere fecundity on the one hand and other characters of high survival value associated with lower fertility on the other. Situations of this kind, where genetical heterogeneity, or polymorphism, is maintained by a balance of advantage between two opposing types, are known to occur in a number of animal and plant species, and polymorphism of the type suggested is likely to be unstable, with the balance of advantage very sensitive to changes in the environment. In particular, the selective advantage of fecundity will be highest when mortality from infective disease is high and indiscriminate, so that small families are in danger of being wiped out completely at an early age, before their members have had a chance to benefit from their presumed superior qualities in competition with the rest.

Such conditions are found especially in densely settled agricultural or urban communities without proper methods of sanitation or disease control, but the more primitive nomadic peoples who live a healthier life, widely separated under naturally hygienic conditions, are much less subject to epidemic disease and their numbers are limited principally by periodic shortages of food. Here survival will depend upon such qualities as strength and intelligence, and the selective value of mere fecundity will be correspondingly reduced. Nomadic races are notoriously susceptible to diseases introduced from outside, and after an epidemic they are usually less able to replenish their numbers than are the more fertile, though often apparently less virile, peoples from densely settled, disease-ridden regions. For most of his existence Man has, of course, lived as a nomadic hunter and food collector and the dense urban and agricultural settlements characteristic of the last few millennia are really quite a recent development. We should not, therefore, assume that the high level of fecundity found in them is necessarily typical of the human species. It may be disproportionately high and have arisen in response to these rather special conditions. If the conditions change there may be a reversion to the lower fertility of our remote and healthier nomadic ancestors. Conditions are now changing rapidly and in many densely settled communities early mortality from disease is becoming negligible. When nearly all normal children can expect to survive to maturity, those from the less fertile families will be able to gain any advantage they can from the superior qualities that they may have inherited, which will increase their chances of success in life and of marriage.

Evidence of effects of this sort is bound to be very hard to find in human populations whose behaviour is conditioned by all kinds of social and economic as well as purely biological factors. But we cannot doubt that genetical effects are important, and social attitudes may owe more to the inherited biological character of the people possessing them than is usually suspected. One thing is clear: the different races of mankind at different times have shown the widest variation in their rates of natural increase, and it is hard to justify the choice of any particular average figure to project into the future. A century ago in western Europe, we were as fertile as any people before or since, and yet now we seem to have reached a new position of stability—partly due, of course, to the introduction of artificial methods of family limitation. Yet the tendency for economically advanced nations to have stable or declining numbers dates back long before the discovery of birth control, and if it is a natural biological tendency there is every reason to expect that it will operate again, as soon as better conditions of life begin to offset the over-riding selective advantage of fecundity in comparison with all other human qualities.

We can of course now do little more than guess at world population trends a century or two hence, but it is comforting to realise that there may be a biological answer to the problem of over-population. Malthus's basic assumption that human fecundity is naturally invariable remains unproved and can very well be questioned, for fecundity certainly could be altered by natural selection, like any other biological character. It is at least possible that prosperity may provide its own solution to its problems by being the cause of a natural lowering of the rate of increase of the population, but it can be expected to do so only if mortality in the over-populated

areas can be drastically reduced. Slight improvements in food supplies, allowing a slow increase in population but without seriously affecting early mortality rates are ineffective, for then the selective value of fecundity would remain disproportionately high, and that is what seems to have happened in parts of Asia during the past few generations.

Whether we believe that our problems will solve themselves in the way suggested or not, our duty remains the same. No one seriously believes that any limit should be placed on increases in world food supplies, or that medical discoveries can be withheld from the over-populated areas. Nor can anyone doubt that these benefits will be the cause of an immediate and, in some parts of the world at any rate, an undesirable growth of population which should be checked by all legitimate means. But there does at least seem to be some chance that what we are in any event bound to do may, if we do it in time, not after all lead our descendants inevitably to disaster.

C. B. GOODHART

The Home-coming

IN the Long Island country-house to which she was returning—after twenty years—as an old friend and an honoured guest, there was expectancy in the air. Expectancy and—yes, perhaps—a little anxiety. Not that the wheels of so well-appointed, so richly staffed, a household would ever run less than smoothly. For any visitor, great or humble, the same preparations took place—from the latest novels by the bedside to the flower-vases on the dressing-table. A dinner-party on Saturday night, a tea-party on Sunday afternoon—all this was part of the household routine, too customary to be noticed. Yet in the days that preceded Edith Wharton's arrival I could not but feel—what was it?—a cetain tension. "Dear Edith!"—yes—and "How wonderful it is to think of all her success." But also: "I hope she will not find it a little *dull* here, after all her intellectual friends abroad."

She had returned, after twenty years in her hotel in Faubourg St. Honoré and her chateau at Fontainebleau, a few days before, and had gone straight to Yale, there to receive her doctor's degree. We had all seen her photographs in the Sunday press—as erect, elegant and trim in her gown and mortar-board as in her Paquin dresses. And now, after a banquet in her honour in New York, she was coming for a few days' rest to the house of a friend of her youth—the prototype, indeed, of one of the figures portrayed in her "Old New York." These portraits, when first they appeared, had caused some dismay. "Exaggerated—unkind—cynical—not truly American" these were the comments. But as fame came to hallow her writings, criticism died down; hurt feelings gave place to a certain complacency. "Dear Edith, I suppose no one *really* knew her quite as well as I did." "It was in *my* house that . . ." And now the time had come to welcome her home, with her laurels.

I, too, having known her in France and Italy, had been a little alarmed by the prospect of this visit. But before she had been half an hour in the house, I realized that this was to be a very different woman from the brilliant, formidable hostess I had known in Europe. This was another Edith: mellow, benign—almost *cosy*. Yes, she said, she had been greatly pleased, greatly touched, by the honour awarded her at Yale; yes, she had enjoyed the performance of her play in New York—she was entirely satisfied with its interpretation. But quickly she turned the conversation into other channels—old friends, old memories—"The W's house on 11th Street, was

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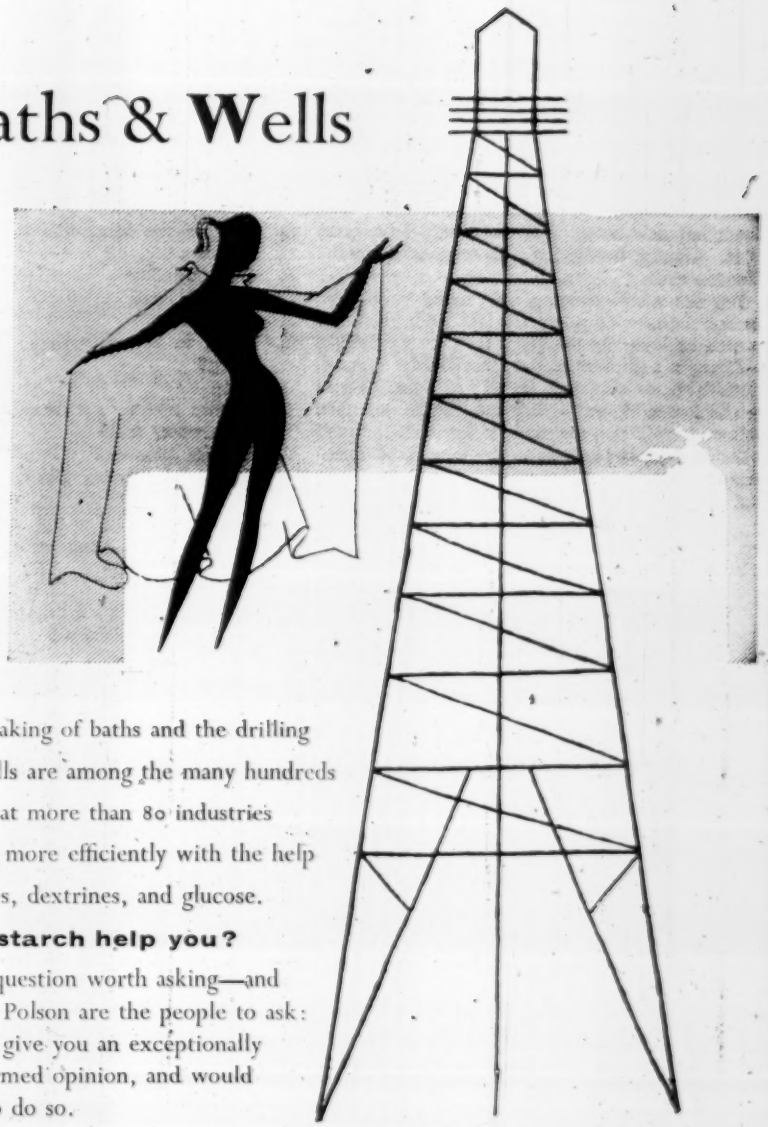

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it true that it had been pulled down? Did her hostess remember the night they had dined there in 1907, before the Colony Club ball?"—"The X's daughter, the fair one, had she married her young Bostonian?" "And Z, had he indeed lost all his money?" So the talk flowed on—a reminiscent, even stream—to the young listener, it must be confessed, a little dull. Once or twice one of the other guests who had stayed with her in France, asked her about Carlo Placi or Madame de Noailles—spoke of French politics or inquired about her new book. But she would have none of it. Gently, inexorably, she steered us up the Hudson again.

For the whole evening, this mood continued. At one moment only—as, the last guest gone, she turned half-way up the stairs to wave good-night—I caught a glimpse of the other Edith: elegant, formidable, as hard and dry as porcelain. Then, as she looked down on her old friends, her face softened, even the erectness of her spine relaxed a little. She was no longer the trim, hard European hostess, but a nice old American lady. Edith had come home.

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Q. Come in, my boy. Sit down. Now . . . what is the Artesian Theory?
A. *Je pense donc je suis.*
Q. Quite right. Who painted *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*?
A. Domenikos Theotokopoulos.
Q. Well done. And who wrote *The Burial of Count Orgaz*?
A. Raymond Mortimer.
Q. Right again. *Tea with Mrs. Goodman*?
A. Professor Toynbee.
Q. What comfort do you derive from Palinurus?
A. *Chamfort moderne.*
Q. If you opened an Hons' cupboard, who would you find?
A. Mrs. Basil Seal and U Nu.
Q. Who wrote the *Mill on the Floss*?
A. T. S. Eliot.
Q. And of what novel is he the hero?
A. *The Quiet American.*
Q. Name the authors of *Green's History of England.*
A. Julian, Henry and Graham.
Q. What, according to Huxley, is the right food for herbivores?
A. Antic Hay.
Q. The author of *Persuasion*?
A. The Duke of Bronte.
Q. If persuasion fails, what do you use?
A. The half-Nelson.
Q. Splendid. Who were Nelson's illegitimate daughters?
A. Emily, Anne and Charlotte.
Q. What names did they write under?
A. Gertrude, Clive and Vanessa Bell.
Q. What is Betjeman's most famous work?
A. *The Guardsman Who Dropped It.*
Q. Who would back Auden?
A. Isherwood.
Q. Peter Fleming is a countryman. What is his favourite wild bird?
A. The Screech-owl.
Q. And what is Ian Fleming's word as good as?
A. His bond.
Q. Now . . . what do you connect with the name Locke?
A. Hats.
Q. Berkeley?
A. Meals in the Thirties.
Q. Have you studied Burke?
A. From Abercorn to Zetland.
Q. (*rising*) What?
A. (*hastily*) From Ashby to Zouche, sir.
Q. That's better. And *Who's Who*?
A. From Aaron to Zwingler.
Q. Name the first volume of Bennet's *Crusades.*
A. *Runciman Steps.*
Q. And the leaders of the Boston Tea Party?
A. Henry James, Edith Wharton, Logan Pearsall Smith, Bernhard Berenson.
Q. What is the better-known name of the poet Maro?
A. Clément.
Q. And of Naso?
A. Durante.
Q. What is the difference between Yin and Yang?
A. Jung.
Q. *Maître corbeau sur un arbre assis . . .* Who wrote that?
A. Charles Morgan.
Q. What did the fox use in order to get the crow's cheese?
A. Kraft.
Q. In philosophy, what razor would you avoid. Occam's?
A. Maugham's.
Q. Which tailors pay most attention to the fork?
A. Caudine and Mortons.
Q. (*slyly*) What knife would you use for a *sole meunière*?
A. . . . .
Q. Or a *truite au bleu*?
A. . . . .
Q. Bravo! How would you translate *Zeitgeist*?
A. *Mal de siècle.*
Q. *Abschiedsstimmung*?
A. *Mal des gares.*
Q. *Fingerspitzengefühl*?
A. *Mal de mer* on dry land.
Q. That's a good one. Name a compatriot of Knut Hansen and Henrik Ibsen.
A. Lars Porsena.
Q. Who slew the great Lord of Luna?
A. Rose Macaulay.
Q. Who wrote the St. Louis Blues?
A. St. Louis.
Q. On what occasion?
A. After his decapitation.
Q. What was Madame du Deffand's comment?
A. *Ce n'est que la première barre qui coûte.*
Q. And who wrote the Dead Sea Scrolls?
A. C. S. Forester.
Q. Who wrote a *Room with a View*?
A. E. M. Coward and Noël Forster.
Q. Who talked of ringing our bells now and wringing our hands anon?
A. Hugh Walpole.
Q. Could you express this in a word?
A. Kodonotyptikohysterocheirosystrophe.
Q. How would you kill two birds with one stone?
A. By monolithodiornithoktonia.
Q. This plastic tumbler on my table now . . . what should the slogan under the trade-mark be? I'm a shareholder . . .
A. *Splendidior vitreo.*
Q. Splendid, sir. You must come to our Horatian dinner . . . we'll call it Bandusian . . . and for the Aga Cooker?
A. Μήδεν ἄγαν
Q. Ha! ha! Give me the name of a friend of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Barbey d'Aurevilly . . .
A. Pierre Quennelle de Brochet.
Q. Who relieved Lucknow?
A. Sir Harold Nicolson and Havelock Ellis.
Q. What famous literary figure is known as "Max"?
A. Beaverbrook.
Q. And "Tom"?
A. Driberg.
Q. Who wrote the *Blue Bird*?
A. Maurice Bowra and Eric Linklater.
Q. My dear boy, the job's yours. What about luncheon at my club?

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

The Arts and Entertainment

New Conductors, New Music

THE world has recently lost several of its leading conductors, one of them—the brilliant Guido Cantelli—in the flower of his youth. As a race, conductors tend to longevity, and many of those who still delight us are now in their seventies or even in their eighties. Long may they flourish, the splendid band of youthful veterans: Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham, Pierre Monteux and Ernest Ansermet, Otto Klemperer and Tullio Serafin. Nevertheless, we cannot help anxiously scanning the horizon, both at home and abroad, for their successors.

Two exceptionally gifted conductors, one aged 43, the other only 26, have lately been heard in London. Both complained of inadequate rehearsal-time, thus usefully drawing attention to the unsatisfactory nature of our London musical life, which has too many concerts and too few rehearsals. The younger man, the American Thomas Schippers, known to us hitherto mainly as the able conductor of the various Menotti operas, has of late made a considerable impact at the Metropolitan Opera and in New York's concert life. His two programmes with the Royal Philharmonic at the Festival Hall, of which I heard the second, showed him to be an inspiring leader and a first-rate craftsman, but could not tell us very much of the range of his tastes and sympathies. After a Rossini overture and a concerto (on the second evening Michael Rabin gave a highly polished and essentially superficial reading of that by Mendelssohn for the violin), each concert ended with the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky, a work that seldom sounds as fresh and brilliant as on this occasion. It was much to Mr. Schippers's credit that in each of his programmes he should have included unfamiliar American music—although one might have wished for something more substantial in this line. The first concert contained two interludes from an early Menotti opera, the second *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance* by Samuel Barber, a re-working of material from his Martha Graham ballet of 1946. Though most competently and effectively written, this hardly seemed to stand on its own legs as a concert piece.

The other newcomer was the Roumanian, Constantin Silvestri, who was chosen by the L.P.O. to lead off their very interesting series, "Music of a Century (1857-1957)." The first of these concerts, rather quaintly called "Retreat from Wagner," happened to coincide with an occasion when Wagner himself was in full five-hour flood at Covent Garden; but I was able to hear enough of Mr. Silvestri's final rehearsal to convince me that he is both technically and temperamentally a master of his art. His beat is a marvel of precision and sensibility; his communicative power extraordinary. It was wonderful to hear what dancing rhythms, what refinements of nuance, he could draw from our sedate players in the first two numbers of Debussy's *Nocturnes.*

Not often, one may surmise, are workmanlike British musicians bidden, when they tackle *Fêtes*, to remember "Cézanne, Renoir . . . (pause) . . . SISLEY!"; or exhorted to greater warmth of tone with pleading cries of "*Blumen! Rosen!*". To those who did not see this stocky, daemonic, utterly unselfconscious conductor at work, such stories will suggest affectation; but affectation gets you nowhere with hard-bitten professionals, and it was abundantly clear that the L.P.O. were playing for Mr. Silvestri with all their heart and soul. Cheated of the concert, I had to content myself with the slightly less interesting programme of an L.P.O. "Industrial Concert" a few evenings later at the Albert Hall, where I was rewarded by as fine an interpretation of Falla's *Amor Brujo* score as I can remember, and by an exquisitely graceful account of the Elegy and Waltz from Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings*. Mr. Silvestri is a composer of some renown in Eastern Europe; whatever the merits of his own music, I have no doubt that his conducting is the genuine thing.

Having passed through a rather stodgy period, the Third Programme seems lately to have entered on a new lease of life. The Sunday afternoon opera broadcasts have been notable for a long Richard Strauss cycle, including a particularly good performance of the most lyrical of his later operas, *Daphne*, and have also sated our curiosity with such things as *The Huguenots* (far better sung than one had dared to hope) and Schreker's *Der ferne Klang*, which made one wonder what it was that Schönberg and Berg could once have seen in this quaint opera. There has also been much fruitful activity in the more strictly contemporary field. The decision to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Third Programme with a series of specially commissioned works, both native and foreign, was admirable in itself, and admirably carried out. I have not heard all the works so far performed; but among the English contributions Phyllis Tate's *Lady of Shalott* was outstandingly successful, while among those of foreign composers Andrzej Panufnik's experimental *Rhapsody* and Vagn Holmboe's powerfully logical *Epitaph* (not, in the circumstances, the most tactful of titles!) made their mark. Holmboe especially with his fine set of three String Quartets, Opp. 46-48, all of which have been broadcast and the last two of which are now available on Decca records, strikes me as one of the strongest talents among the not yet firmly established European composers of today; he and the greatly gifted though perhaps too prolific Niels Viggo Bentzon certainly give, between them, an encouraging idea of the current state of Danish music. A determined effort has lately been made to interest us in the work of the Swede, Karl Birger Blomdahl. His Third Symphony, whose ancestry is evidently by Carl Nielsen's Fifth out of *Tapiola*, is a powerful and in some respects an impressive work; but I found the obsessive and continually thickening build-ups over prolonged pedal-points to be in the long run self-defeating: much ado about not quite enough. His still more ambitious cantata, *In the Hall of the Mirrors*, a kind of nightmare dream-sequence, has sections of considerable originality and fascination, but relies heavily on trick scoring and effects of all sorts; I doubt if it would wear well.

Altogether more significant, indeed quite a revelation to me, was the first of four BBC concerts devoted to the chamber music of Matyas Seibet. Often as I had admired individual works by this Hungarian composer who has honoured us by adopting our nationality, I had hardly before perceived the firm and highly distinguished musical personality revealed by his output over a long period. Even in the earliest works, written under the evident influence of his teacher Kodaly, Seiber's fertile invention and sensitive feeling for line and texture are already evident: his *Sonata da Camera* for violin and cello (1925) makes an entirely worthy sequel to Kodaly's fine *Duo* (1914) for the same combination. The vocal pieces, three humorous-grotesque settings of Morgenstern for soprano and clarinet and some French folk-songs with guitar, were delightful, and delightfully sung by Adèle Leigh. The remaining concerts of this series take place on February 15th, 22nd and 26th. And, while diaries are out, may I draw the reader's attention to the three impending Covent Garden performances of Michael Tippett's opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, on February 21st, 25th and 28th; they will be over before I can write about them.

To Covent Garden, past and present, I owe two apologies. First, Puccini's *Trittico* was given there in 1920, so that Sadler's Wells revival was not, as I said last week, the first complete professional performance in this country. Secondly, I am told that at the recent "Voices of Tomorrow" concert at the Wigmore Hall there were no fewer than *five* talent-spotters from Covent Garden; there is therefore some hope that one of them, at least, may have "spotted" Raquel Satre.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Growing Up

IF we had here, as they have in the States, University courses in playwriting (our nearest equivalent is the Drama faculty at Bristol equipped with its own experimental theatre), *The Member of the Wedding* by Carson McCullers would surely be used as the prime example of How Not To Write a Play. The exposition of the situation—which is usually laid out in the first twenty minutes of a first act—is sprawled over the first two acts. There is no development (ordinarily second half of Act I and Act II); but the play suddenly moves into a splutter of action in Act III which is divided into three short scenes. It may be argued, of course, that the play of mood, more Chekhovian than Pineroesque, is not subject to the Archer rules, that it has laws of its own. But whatever those laws may be, they should presumably be laws of shapely growth. Two acts of stagnation and then a flurry of foreshortened activity is nothing more than a mess.

How acceptable we are prepared to find this mess depends, I suspect, upon the degree to which we admire the novel from which Miss Carson McCullers made her play. (It has also been made into a film.) Adapted novels often have this appalling shapelessness on the stage because—I must be forgiven for repeating myself in this connection—novels deal with processes, plays with crises. Processes take time and the passage of time is what the playwright finds hardest to represent. The little girl of this play, Frankie Addams, is on the verge of sexual awakening; she is overwhelmed with a sense of separateness and aloneness and takes into her fevered little head the notion that her brother and his brand-new bride will take her away on their honeymoon as a third. That is where she belongs, she feels, and for two acts she clutches to herself this idea, and locks herself up against the world in this delusional state. The half-accepted other occupants of her private cupboard are the black housekeeper, Berenice Sadie Brown (this is the deep South) and a self-absorbed little boy of seven.

In Act III the projected wedding of her brother takes place and she is rejected (Scene i). She runs away for one night, comes back, finds that the little boy has died of meningitis and that a friend of Berenice Sadie Brown has run amok, stabbed a white man and been captured and gaoled (Scene ii). Scene iii jumps three months. She has rejoined the world. She has a friend of her own age—a girl. All these events are so hustled and hurried, so underplayed and unworked that they barely make an effect. A more vulgar writer would probably have chosen something more sensational than the acquisition of a girl friend as the symbol of growing up. It is dead right, of course, but it is hardly dramatic in its effect. The colour problem intrudes for a brief moment or two but altogether too perfunctorily to form any sort of counterpoint to the girl's experience, if that was the intention.

For the pleasure of the play, then, we are

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thrown back on those first two acts of stagnation and on whether they successfully draw us into that isolated doldrum into which Frankie Addams has been isolated. It is here that Miss McCullers gives herself the chance to exert the spell of language as she does in the novel. I did not feel it to be working so successfully in the play. Much depends upon the actress who is entrusted with the alarmingly difficult role. Evidently Miss Julie Harris succeeded in putting her spell over audiences. Miss Geraldine McEwan, in the current production at the Royal Court, made what seemed to me the most gallant of attempts. Besides the age problem, she has the language problem to deal with, and between them she finally goes down, but not before she has won our admiration (if not our complete conviction). With her cropped hair, gawky lankiness and odd smile, she managed to get a long way towards it. But the part itself as a part seems to me to be a hopeless one, and I suspect that Miss Julie Harris triumphed in spite of, not because of it.

Miss Beatrice Reading gives a rich warm life to the Nanny figure, Berenice, and Master John Hall gave a quite amazingly unselfconscious display as the sort of myopic small boy who is engaged half the time in the private pursuit of his phantasy and the other half in the imitation of the grown-ups. His performance is also a tribute to his producer, Tony Richardson, who directs throughout with a remarkable insight into the children—displayed especially in the kind of business he invents for this boy. He also achieves in the second act a quite extraordinarily intense degree of naturalism without even a faint shadow of staginess cast over it (a very rare thing, this).

I hope that the various actors' studios and workshops which we hear of as springing up will give their classes some chance of acquiring sufficiently convincing American accents. This is no longer an "extra," but an essential part of the modern English actor's equipment.

T. C. WORSLEY

SCIENCE AND THE SLICE

MOST PEOPLE think bread is just bread — but Science is far from being fobbed off with simple explanations of this kind. Scientists have been doing a big thick slice of research. They have emerged from their back-rooms with these findings. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy we, and our rampaging children, use up in a day.[1] And bread provides body-building proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals[2] into the bargain.

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Pied Pipers

IF the Pied Piper went into business today he would play rock-and-roll, doubtless with more success among the children than the rats. Mr. Bill Haley and his Comets, who claim to have started the vogue, and have been hauling them in at the *Dominion*, prove the point. There is really nothing to be said about this band. To produce a rhythmic noise which will get young people stamping and wanting to dance, is simplicity itself. If there were enough money in it—and nobody would wish to play rock-and-roll except for money—it would be possible to invent a machine for the purpose. Admittedly this would not reproduce what passes for uninhibited frenzy, raised legs and saxophones, waving torsos, etc., as cheaply as musicians can, but anyway the problem is academic, since the craze will have subsided before the rock-and-roll machine could come off the assembly line. The point is, that automation could be technically applied to this type of noise. We should not criticise Mr. Haley and his imitators (including the astute British showman who copyrighted the term "rock 'n' roll" before anyone else thought of doing so) for turning pennies which are no more dishonest than any others under capitalism. If money does not smell, it makes no noise either; anyway, not the kind of money earned by Haley. We should not criticise his public either. Adolescents have so much genuine emotion in them, that they can, if slightly stimulated, project it on the phoneyest objects. Rock-and-roll has at least the virtue of stimulating them.

It has also, as I predicted in this column some months ago, the incidental virtue of bringing to the public notice the vocal blues, which is perhaps the most authentic expression of emotion in American Negro art. Admirable records of first-rate blues singers have lately come off the presses in gratifying numbers. James Rushing ("My first name is James, my second I never been told, I been chasing pretty women ever since I was twelve years old") and Joe Turner ("I'm goin' away babe, just to wear you off my mind. If I stay around here I'll be troubled all the time"), two pillars of the Kansas City blues of the 1930s, have their LPs: the *Jimmy Rushing Showcase* (Vanguard PPT 12016) and *Boss of the Blues* (London LTZ-K 15053). Muddy Waters shouts his *Mississippi Blues* ("Forty days, forty nights, since my baby left this town") on an EP (London RE U 1060). The greatest gospel singer of all, the incomparable Mahalia Jackson has a new, though not absolutely top-class LP (Philips BBE 12069), while Marie Knight (Brunswick OE 9283) and Sister Rosetta Tharpe (Brunswick OE 9284) have Gospel Songs on EP, and Sister Rosetta sings *Can't No Grave Hold My Body Down* on a 78 (EmArcy MT 126). Records by Big Bill Broonzy and Brother John Sellers, whose personal concerts in England I implore readers to visit, are due to be revived. Even such folk curiosities as the *Kentucky Mountain Ballads* by Cousin Emmy and her Kinsfolk (Brunswick OE 9259) have emerged, though they are interesting chiefly as demonstrations of the natural incapacities of white American folksong to produce genuinely powerful blues. At least we have to thank rock-and-roll for something.

All these records are to be recommended. But then, the blues are not a taste but an addiction, like bullfighting and Scots ballads. The authentic blues or gospel singer—the distinction is purely one of subject-matter—can transfer us in two seconds into that extraordinary, lucid, world in which there are no doubts about heaven and hell, no sentimentalism about life, and every moment is the moment of truth. Women are better at the game than men, though, alas, the good ones rarely sing secular blues today, though luckily they sing gospel songs. But even the first-rate male singers—and both Rushing and Big Bill are in the top class—are remarkably moving, though they put less emotional ferocity into their songs than the women. But the true *aficionados* can get their thrill even out of mediocre blues sung by mediocre singers, and accompanied by average players, or by nothing more than the traditional guitar, piano or mouth-organ. All they need is that rhythmic beat of which rock-and-roll is a miserably enfeebled version, that supple vocal line whose every inflexion counts, and that indefinable quality called "low down". Though the bulk of the blues public consists of jazz-lovers, nobody who dislikes jazz should hesitate to go to Big Bill and Brother John. But it might be as well not to expect them to sound like Paul Robeson.

Eddie Condon and his boys are not simple, sensuous and passionate, and this may explain the semi-failure of their recent British tour. Their problem is the eternal one of the *avantgarde* artist, but one of men whom only jazz could have turned into artists. Thirty years ago this group of middle-aged saloon-bar types discovered how to become articulate through jazz. Ever since then they have been torn between the horror of prostituting their music and the need to earn their living by the only activity they really cared for.

The Condon group have half resented playing for any audience at all, and their attempts to withdraw from it behind an armour of casualness and wisecracks made their job all the harder; musicians play better for the excitement they generate among their listeners. And yet, there was an odd, authentic quality in the bits and pieces they threw at the audience, as in some B movie about filling-stations, reporters and policemen, which one remembers, one doesn't quite know why. The British players could not quite capture it, though they played extraordinarily well, stimulated by the American competition.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Let's Face It

THE beginning of *The Secret Place* (at the Gaumont) is the most exciting sequence seen on a (wide) screen in this country for at least five years. East End vistas, well chosen, with the credit titles thrown uncompromisingly against grimy walls and tenements: and, on the sound track, one of those high-pitched, echo-chambered pop singers dealing out a characteristic, debilitated theme tune. A certain realism is promised, a feeling for the contemporary and the expressive; perhaps even satire . . . ?

The flair evident in this beginning makes itself felt in a number of passages throughout the film; there is some venturesome location shooting; an unusual eye for East End streets and bomb sites and Cockney children, affectionately used, gives the picture its most lively and authentic moments. All the more sad, then, that these good things have to be subordinated to a story which is as hackneyed as they are fresh. Miss Belinda Lee passes her days behind the counter in a tobacco kiosk; twelve-year-old Michael Brooke has a precocious crush on her; but she is gone on Ronald Lewis, a flash type who spends his time planning (and executing) a daring robbery at Hatton Garden. The complications, all of which are incredible, involve the boy in the disposal of the stolen diamonds, and end up with one of those chases through a large, empty building at night—in this case a block of flats under construction, complete with shafts for Miss Lee to totter on the brink of, bare concrete corridors to chase down, doorways to lurk in, and a splendid jig-saw of tubular scaffolding to do the final obligatory clamber over.

Now I don't want to make heavy weather over what is essentially an unpretentious thriller with some enterprising touches. The team responsible for *The Secret Place* is a young one. Its director, Clive Donner, has not made a picture before, and this is a remarkably assured and craftsmanlike start. And one knows very well the pressures and conventions which oppress those engaged in production at Pinewood. But sooner or later these conventions will have to be challenged, and we will have to start making (or demanding) films which bear some sort of a relationship to life as

it is actually lived in our country. It is no good shooting authentic exteriors if you have to keep cutting back to studio sets in which unbelievable characters are mouthing novelettish dialogue. It is no good putting Belinda Lee into a tobacconist's kiosk in the Commercial Road, if all her close-ups are to be lit like advertisements; or taking trouble with backgrounds, if the foreground figures remain stuck in a sentimentalised, script-writer's limbo. I am not, of course, saying that *The Secret Place* should have the same feeling as *Bicycle Thieves*. But when will British producers realise that authenticity is not merely desirable for artistic reasons: it is exciting, too. It will mean finding writers who can write, and actors who can stop acting, and cameramen who do not have to carry a battery of arc lights with them every time they are asked to work on a night exterior. But the result will not just be applause from the critics and the intelligentsia; it will mean *financial gain*.

I'm afraid I cannot be over enthusiastic about *The Rainmaker* (at the Astoria). This is a version of the slight, whimsical play in which Londoners saw Geraldine Page as the plain, edgy heroine wooed to self-confidence and beauty by a fantastical confidence-trickster. The trick American background is dressed up a bit for the film, and it is all well, if a little stagily, presented. But hasn't this theme of plain spinsters longing for romance about served its turn as a pretext for sentimental comedy? (There's no such thing as a plain woman. . . ." "You're beautiful if you think you are . . .", etc., etc.). And, let's face it, Katherine Hepburn is *not* a shy, coltish twenty-eight. She is a mature, intelligent actress of commanding presence. She does as well as she can with *The Rainmaker*, and she is always interesting to watch; but I found it embarrassing.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Unexplored Medium

PEOPLE going to work for BBC television are put through a general training course, in which they learn about production, script-writing, and everything else they ought to know. Some years ago the BBC also ran a special course for TV playwrights.

Mr. Donald Wilson, scripts supervisor at Wood Lane, prefers the method of individual persuasion and instruction. He spends a good deal of time talking to established and unestablished playwrights, suggesting work that they might usefully attempt; one of his finds was Mr. Michael Gilbert, previously known only as a novelist, who wrote for TV the successful serial drama, *Crime of the Century*. More than half the plays now shown on BBC TV are specially written.

All the same, many more playwrights who will take the trouble to study the medium are still needed. On two recent evenings we have seen on both channels competent and ingenious adaptations of stories originally written for other mediums: *A Man About the House*, from Francis Brett Young's novel, and *The Road to Rome*, from the well-known stage-play by Robert Sherwood. Each of these provided harmless entertainment for those who simply "like a good play," and this is no doubt sufficient for large numbers of viewers. But they contributed nothing to the discovery of television as a medium with its own needs and possibilities, and that is a matter which must concern producers and critics. The movies would be in an even poorer way than they are if it had not been for the great explorers—if Griffiths and Eisenstein and Clair and Hitchcock had been content merely to photograph stage-plays. It is absurd to impose on a new medium the physical limitations of an old medium; yet many TV plays seem cramped and static merely because their stories were originally conceived in a form suited to the three-walled, picture-frame stage with painted scenery that can't be changed.

Of course, it would be equally absurd to argue that a stage-play can never make true television material: *Othello* and *Our Town* come to mind at once. But the principle is surely sound.

A Man About the House was at least an enjoyable thriller, with a superbly revolting impersonation by Harry H. Corbett of a sly Italian peasant-adventurer who poisons the rich English mugs he catches. On Sunday night, out of respect for Mr. Sherwood, I made the mistake of watching *The Road to Rome* instead of ITV's *If This Be Treason*, which may well have been more important both technically, since it was specially written for TV, and in its content, since it deals seriously with a problem of contemporary importance in a particular situation hitherto, I think, unexplored by dramatists: its central theme is the conflict in the mind of a prejudiced white Southerner who has to act as counsel for a Negro GI accused of treason in Berlin.

It was distressing also to find that my respect for Mr. Sherwood was, in this case, ill-founded: this thirty-year-old play does not wear well. Its irony and its attack on war lack Shaw's gusto and panache. Its message (that what matters is "the human equation") is at about the level of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Its sentimental pacifism is really too simple for the nuclear (or any) age: all that is needed to settle a major war (and the economic problems, hardly hinted at, that led to it) is a beautiful woman who treats her pompous Roman husband and the brutal invader, in turn, like kids caught scrapping, and tells them to quit. The development of this situation is as creakingly predictable as an *I Love Lucy* plot. (When Hannibal growls his "undying hatred" for Rome, you know that she's going to wheedle him out of it.) Mr. Hal Burton's polished and elegant production, and the admirable acting of Barbara Murray, Dorothy Green and Donald Sinden, made ninety minutes pass pleasantly enough (and it is particularly an advantage that a play set in ancient Rome should not be interrupted by commercials); but, as their spell faded, one soon realised that the play was pretentious, corny and as essentially insignificant as a cosmetic advertisement assuring a rich, discontented American woman that she, too, can have irresistible allure.

By contrast, an item in ITV's *About Religion* series—*The Drama of Life*—failed because its form was inadequate to its content. Mr. Oliver Wilkinson, who presented it, has the laudable idea of getting people, often amateurs, to act home-made plays about their own lives: in this way they learn a lot about each other's points of view, gaps are bridged, and tensions and suspicions eased. On Sunday night a parson and a boiler-maker were impersonated engaging in a mutually embarrassing interview, each uttering aloud, in asides to the viewers, his unspoken thoughts about the other. Unfortunately, their embarrassment spread to the viewers, and not much else of value came through; but the experiment was worth making (though handicapped, like the rest of this interesting series, by the sickly-pietistic luminous cross and Olde-Englishe lettering which caption-writers think appropriate to "religion").

A much more professional experiment which didn't quite come off was the Sellers-Bentine *Yes, It's the Cathode-ray Tube Show!* Too much labour produced too little fun, though the burlesque outside broadcast of the fog-bound procession of the Guild of Fish-Canners was excellent—particularly the resonant commentator describing the fish-canners as they "move with slow grace and ancient dignity."

I didn't see the *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* in which Dr. Margaret Mead appeared, but I gather that she was, through no fault of her own, miscast. She was perfectly at ease, and articulate, in Sunday's *Brains Trust*; and it was refreshing to hear her humane and sensible replies to the early-Joadian utilitarianism of those who favoured the sterilisation of mental defectives—an idea which still lingers on among middle-aged dons, though much less has been heard of it since the Nazis put similar ideas so thoroughly into practice. For the rest, the team had, as usual, to deal with too many questions of the type once parodied by Beachcomber as "Are girls tall?"

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

BUREAUCRATS OF KING STREET

SIR,—As a Communist of 17 years standing, I did not renew my party card this year and organised a meeting in order to give a platform to that growing minority in the C.P. that is restless, unhappy and miserable at the present trend of events. For years many of us have been aware of things that were wrong; finding ourselves ground down by the party machine if we did not conform to the "line," not realising quite where it all led to or where it was wrong. This was easy, because there are hundreds of good, kind, people in the C.P. And also, if one is honest, one is always afraid that it is oneself who is wrong. But since the Stalin revelations, and the Hungarian and Polish uprisings, it is clear where such bureaucracy leads—the gun and the rope. This is what capitalism meant for the African or the Cypriot, and what Fascism meant for the German. Socialism I still believe in; but I no longer want it the Russian way.

In this country, owing to the long history of the Labour movement, I still have a chance to say what I like without being shot. Some of the letters in the Communist organ *World News* have shown what some of the members would like to do to people like me. Christopher Hill and others have been labelled "intellectuals with special problems" by the C.P., presumably because of the opinions expressed in the minority report. My father was a bus conductor, and as one of six children I went to a council school, but I have come to the same conclusions as Christopher Hill. It is not so difficult! We don't like "thought control," or brute force, or repression, all of which the C.P. purports to fight, but in reality uses.

Because the C.P. is not trusted in this country by the Labour movement, it cannot of course operate repression as successfully as in the U.S.S.R. Communist principles are good, but the regime within the party, supported by the majority, is rotten.

February, 1957 *Price 7s. 6d.*

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The minority have their hands tied by the machinery; for if they do as we did (the meeting I spoke of), it is a "action," that dreadful word, and the "inquisition" begins for the grand "expulsion."

I do not believe, owing to the power of the machine, that it can be changed, and therefore staying in to fight only helps prop it up. I could be wrong, but all the other C.P.s have made the same mistakes. The amount of re-assessment to be done is colossal, and the future belongs to the minority of the C.P. here and the British Labour movement, the latter of which has performed quite a few feats of its own to better the lot of the people in this country. This minority must keep together, however small at first, and feel the utmost confidence in the fact that their opposition to the bureaucrats is right, and must be maintained.

JANE SKINNERTON

140 Grand Drive, Herne Bay, Kent.

PILGRIMAGE OF PENANCE

SIR,—In your article last week called "What Can We Do About Hungary" you made a very misleading reference to the Hungary-Egypt Pilgrimage Campaign, and I would be grateful if you would allow me to correct certain misconceptions about this scheme. It is a pilgrimage of *penance* only in the sense that any Englishman must feel shame when his government behaves shamefully, just as he is likely to feel pride when his country behaves bravely and honourably. Primarily the pilgrimage is a *demonstration* on traditional lines, equally directed against Russian oppression in Hungary, and all who still defend that oppression, and against the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt. To compare a smaller thing with a greater, the action will be taken more in the spirit of the Hunger Marches of 20 years ago than of "repentance for other people's crimes."

On the march through England and Europe, which is to begin from London on April 7, it is hoped to collect money and goods which will be despatched to appropriate relief organisations dealing with Hungary and Egypt. Meetings will be held on the way, and the main objects of the pilgrimage will be to arouse people against the two major international crimes of 1956 and to persuade them that there is an intimate moral connection between them.

May I add that anyone who is interested in supporting the pilgrimage, or who could join it for however short a time, should get in touch with the Hungary-Egypt Pilgrimage Committee at 32A, Norland Square, Holland Park, W.11.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

Lindsey,
nr. Hadleigh,
Suffolk.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS

SIR,—Those readers who support that part of Mr. Rolph's letter which concerns homeless ex-prisoners, but who doubt whether the Home Secretary will respond with immediate action, may be interested to know of Norman House in North London, a scheme financed by charitable trusts and private subscriptions, with patrons as diverse as Viscount Hailsham and Dr. Donald Soper.

Norman House is small so that the residents shall feel themselves individuals and members of a family group. It is run by a Warden, his wife and an assistant, all professional social workers, and there are also "non-offender" boarders, going out to their ordinary jobs but leading and learning in the community life of the home.

The offender residents are selected while still in prison for their apparent wish and ability to go straight, but because they are "socially inadequate" they often require more than the "hostels with full liberty" advocated by Mr. Rolph. Norman House is a "half-way house" to self-responsibility: the Warden helps the men to look for jobs, to take advantage of such social services as national assistance, and to budget wisely and to save once they are earning. It seems that it is only because of the family atmosphere that he is able to exert influence and, in some matters, necessary discipline over men adult at least in years.

The House has in two years directly helped 80 men who came with an average of four and a half convictions each. Fifteen are known to have returned to prison but none while still living in the House. We feel, therefore, that the scheme is meeting the need of the homeless offender (a need which has been stressed not only by Mr. Rolph, but by official bodies such as the Prison Commissioners and the Central After-Care Association who yet do little about it), and we are very anxious that similar Houses should be started in London and other parts of the country. I shall gladly send further information to anyone prepared to help.

SHIRLEY E. TURNER

15 Aberdeen Park, N.5.

SIR,—In the seven-page open letter to Mr. Butler on Prisons and Prisoners, while every condition is laid bare for the moral and spiritual welfare and reform of those going in and those coming out, not a word is said about reform in another direction. I refer to food, which at present is as outrageous as the Black Maria which Mr. Rolph, and every mother's son of us who is not far gone in apathy, wishes to see presented to Madame Tussaud's.

Reasonable food is as essential as all the other forms of change, progress and enlightenment. If the proposals are serious they must be over-all. As every man knows who's been in an ordinary prison, what passes now for food is an affront to human taste and digestion and, along with all the rest, a relic of the middle ages.

AUSTEN PAULEY

Castle Hotel, Hornby, Lancaster.

ISRAEL AND THE U.N.

SIR,—Apparently the Afro-Asian group are preparing a resolution for the General Assembly demanding sanctions against Israel, to compel her to comply with the General Assembly's previous resolutions ordering her to evacuate Gaza and the Aqaba coast immediately and unconditionally. May I point out that (1) The General Assembly's resolutions have the status only of recommendations, and Israel has the right to refuse to comply with them and does not thereby make herself liable to sanctions. (2) According to the Charter (Article 24 and Chapter VII), it is the Security Council alone which acts on behalf of the member states and whose authority they recognise when it comes to enforcement action (defined as "action in respect of threats to the peace, breaches of the peace and acts of aggression"). All the General Assembly has the right to do under the Charter is to "recommend measures for the peaceful adjustment of any situation, regardless of origin, which it deems likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations among nations" (Art. 14), and to "call the attention of the Security Council to situations which are likely to endanger international peace and security" (Art. 11).

That is the legal position under the Charter. It means that if the American and British governments give any support or countenance to a General Assembly resolution calling for sanctions against Israel, they will be conniving at a gross abuse of power, a violation of the Charter and a collective act of aggression against Israel—and all because they want to appease the Arab states at the expense of that country for the sake of their oil and bases in the Middle East.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

OPPRESSION IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Mr. Eric Louw, South African Minister of External Affairs, has, in a letter to *The Times* recently, indignantly protested against "outside interference" in the internal affairs of South Africa. But freedom-loving people have never concerned themselves with geographical boundaries, and at any rate the cruel oppression of ten million people because of their race and colour is not the private affair of Mr. Louw and his government. It disturbs the peace of Africa and poisons international relations.

New waves of oppression are sweeping South Africa. On January 1, 1957, an Industrial Conciliation Act became law. Under this Act all trade unions are compelled to introduce apartheid, and mixed racial unions are prohibited. In addition, the Minister of Labour has arrogated to himself the right of excluding non-white workers from any occupation or industry. Two new measures are now before the Union parliament—(a) apartheid in the universities, (b) an internal censorship. The South African trade unions, white and non-white, have expressed their bitter opposition to the new Industrial Conciliation Act. The staffs and students of the Universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand are organising mass protests against the introduction of the pernicious apartheid doctrines in the universities. Let the British trade union and Labour movement add its voice of protest against the denial of elementary rights to workers, and let the universities of Britain with their proud tradition of tolerance and freedom give their wholehearted support to their colleagues in South Africa.

Finally, may I draw the attention of liberty-loving people to the terrible plight of the 156 who have recently been arrested and are now undergoing a protracted preparatory examination on allegations of high treason. Over 100 are Africans, most of whom have lost their employment. Their destitution is so desperate that many of them are considering surrendering their bail bonds and going back to prison to escape hunger. Christian Action and the British Labour Party have established funds to help the victims and their dependants. The African people are worthy of the most generous support from all who have a feeling for humanity. Let the protests pour into South Africa House and the cheques into the coffers of Christian Action and the Labour Party. The treason trial will last probably a year, and £100,000 will be needed to provide legal defence and support for those who are standing trial and their dependants.

47 Redington Road, N.W.3. E. S. SACHS

GEORGE LUKACS

SIR,—Perhaps Sir Herbert Read and others concerned about the fate of George Lukács will be interested in the following information.

On January 7, while in Budapest, I met and had a long talk with the well-known Hungarian physicist Professor Janossy who is a stepson of Professor Lukács, and I asked him about his stepfather.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

He told me that he had received letters from George Lukács, who is now in Sinaia in Rumania together with Imre Nagy and his friends.

"He has let us know in his letters," said Professor Janossy, "that he is well and working."

The family have been able to send him papers so that George Lukács can continue with the important literary work on which he was engaged when the October events took place.

I was able to speak to other relatives of members of the Nagy group who have also received letters saying that they are well.

Moscow. SAM RUSSELL

ZIK'S FUTURE

SIR,—It is disquieting to hear it said that some people have the impression that we Nigerians accept a standard of public morality lower than that in other parts of the world. There should be many people who recognise that the immense affection many Nigerians had for Zik as father of Nigerian nationalism, coupled with nationalist sentiments, was bound to affect the way Nigerians received the report of the Foster-Sutton Commission. Nor is such attitude peculiarly Nigerian. It is human.

Those who call on Zik to resign are right on the grounds that a likely future Premier of Nigeria should be a man with untarnished record. But Zik may well be given a chance to repent. Whatever defiant attitude he puts up at present is surely for mere political reasons.

For the good name of Nigeria, however, the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons ought to find a successor to Zik. For some time this must be a difficult decision for the N.C.N.C. to take because the political fortunes of the party are very closely linked with those of Zik. Meanwhile the other political parties in Nigeria should take a more constructive view of the situation. Only this can enable the N.C.N.C. to do the job and not deal a fatal blow to itself at the same time. The Action Group should take more active interest in Eastern Nigeria so that they can at least help to create a vigorous opposition there. ENIOZE EDIAC

480 Uxbridge Road, W.12

GREEK PRISONERS

SIR,—As I have recently returned from Greece, I trust you will allow me to support the comment, made by Critic in November, 1956, on "the worst feature" there—the continued detention of thousands of political prisoners and exiles. After an absence of eight years from Greece, I saw my husband, Tony Ambaticlos, in the Corfu prison. He is in his tenth year of imprisonment. On an average, he spends more than half the hours of every day locked in a cell, measuring 5ft. 7in. by 9ft. 8in., with two (sometimes three) others. The prison, built in 1824, stands in a hollow which attracts the damp so that water trickles down the cell-walls in rivulets. Drs. Kannavos and Siganos—political prisoners themselves—struggle to give medical attention to the prisoners, most of whom are ill and some critically so. But theirs is a most difficult task, for the prisoners' diet gives only 1,500 calories per day and consists mainly of macaroni, beans and rice. Drugs and medicines are hard to come by.

I was not allowed to visit my brother-in-law, Nikos, who is one of those to whom Critic referred who are detained without charge or trial. (He has been detained most of the time since he was released from a Nazi jail in 1944.) But I did speak to several detainees who had been transferred from the Agios Efstratios camp to hospitals in Athens. They were sent by the Greek Red Cross doctor, Dr. Stefanou, because they needed medical treatment. But in many instances they received none. I will mention only one case, that of a young woman, Maria Karra, whom I met. On the recommendation of Dr. Stefanou she has been transferred for medical treatment ten times in 12 months. She was brought to Athens twice whilst I was there. But she received no treatment and was sent back to the camp. It is widely believed in Athens that this is because she refuses to recant her political views which are opposed to those of the security police.

Critic was right in his assertion that "democracy has real roots" in Greece, but little progress will be made whilst citizens whose views differ from those of the government are detained in camps on rock islands, without charge or trial and on the basis of an administrative, and not a judicial, decision. And a general amnesty, seven years after the ending of the civil war, is long overdue. Meantime, a great deal can be done by humanitarians to relieve the destitution of nearly three million hungry people, among whom are many of the relatives, including children, of the political prisoners and exiles.

12, Michelham Gardens, BETTY AMBATIELOS
Twickenham.

RODRIGO MOYNIHAN

SIR,—Mr. John Golding in a review of the exhibition *Statements* at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION dated February 9, is misleading in his comments on the painting of Rodrigo Moynihan. This is the first new abstract painting Moynihan has exhibited for over twenty years, and Mr. Golding attributes it to the impact of American Action Painting on a traditional artist. However, as I described in the catalogue of *Statements*, Moynihan was an abstract painter in the 1930s and, since the summer of 1956, he has resumed this early interest. By ignoring Moynihan's personal development, Mr. Golding seriously exaggerates the impact of Action Painting on him. Moynihan may have been emboldened to return to his early style by the atmosphere of acceptance now surrounding Action Painting in England, but that is very different from Mr. Golding's schematic picture of "a complete change". LAWRENCE ALLOWAY,
Deputy Director

Institute of Contemporary Arts,
17-18 Dover Street, W.1.

SULTAN IN OMAN

SIR,—Would you allow me to correct one misconception in Mr. Crossman's kind review of my book *Sultan in Oman*? The editor of *The Times* could not let me know of the impending operation without breaking all the rules of security; it was common sense, not forgetfulness, that kept me momentarily in the dark. JAMES MORRIS

ALBERT EINSTEIN

SIR,—The estate of Albert Einstein, of which I am the executor, is preparing Einstein's voluminous correspondence for publication. I should be most grateful if those who are in possession of letters or communications from Albert Einstein would make copies available to me. Originals that may be sent me will be copied or photostated and returned with the least possible delay.

I should also be glad to receive any material or reminiscences about Albert Einstein's non-scientific activities, chiefly before about 1920.

55 East 10th Street, OTTO NATHAN
New York 3, N.Y.

H.G.'s SHORT TEMPER

SIR,—In his review of W. H. G. Armytage's life of Sir Richard Gregory, C. P. Snow—like some other reviewers of the book—says that Gregory was "the one friend with whom Wells never quarrelled". May I be allowed to put it on record—not from any desire to advertise my own sweetness of temper, but in order to help to counteract the apparently prevalent notion that H. G. was "gey ill to live wi'"—that I was a friend of his from 1918 until he died, and that he never quarrelled with me? Twenty years after we first met he honoured me by dedicating a book, "To my friend, J. F. Horrabin." For close on three years I worked with him in particularly close association (on *The Outline of History*), and I have never worked with anyone more generous, more comradely, more uniformly good-tempered. And that despite the fact that, being in those days a proselytising Marxist, I frequently had political arguments with him. H. G.'s alleged short temper was, in fact, usually very short in duration. FRANK HORRABIN

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N.W.4.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Little Alexander

To think about Pope is to think about literature. It is also to think about the literary life and the company that a writer keeps. To read Pope's life (not as Sir Leslie Stephen saw it, but as Dame Edith Sitwell makes us feel it in her fierce, compassionate biography) is to be drawn into a strange surrealist landscape in which the men and women of Pope's own world, as familiar to us as the characters in Boswell—the Dean, the Doctor, the duchesses and Lady Maries—constitute the foreground, while on the far desert horizon, there stroll, Dali-fashion, the brooding stork-like figures of our contemporary Popeians: Dame Edith, Dr. Leavis, Professors Auden, Empson and Sutherland. It is an oddly harmonious landscape, one in which Dame Edith's concern for this "small, unhappy, tortured creature . . . perhaps the most flawless artist our race has produced," lies happily alongside Dr. Leavis's enthusiasm for the poet's "packed heterogeneity," and Professor Empson's loving analysis of *Epistle IV*. Indeed, the spatial interrelationship of the figures in the Pope landscape are endless. For example, in his inaugural lecture on "The English Critic" five years ago, Professor Sutherland remarked of Pope's arch-enemy, John Dennis, that he

> began well, and then damped off. His trouble was certainly not that he did not care greatly about literature. In his own day no one was more concerned about the future of English letters than he. . . . But men like Dennis, pedagogical in manner and with a single-minded devotion to literature that ends in over-earnestness and a spinster-like concern for the health of contemporary letters, are apt in every generation to get themselves laughed at, and then they start to snap and snarl. Pope's description of Dennis as "a gentleman who can instruct the Town to dislike what has pleased them, and to be pleased with what they disliked" is a cruelly accurate estimate of that formidable critic in his later years. It has long seemed to me that the Dennis of the twentieth century is undoubtedly Mr. Leavis.

And so we go on, snapping and snarling at one another round the Rock Parnassus. Pope would have enjoyed it all hugely. This is just the kind of deathless literary fame that his spirit craved. It was for this that he cooked his correspondence*.

The full story of how Pope got his letters published is a Hampton Court maze of intrigue and unplain dealing. As Dame Edith says, "he was never, alas, able to understand the dangers that lay in the simple minds of men of honour." Having confided his papers, under pledges of the strictest secrecy, to Caryll and Lord Oxford, he had to resort to the most elaborate plots and chicanery to get them out of those gentlemen's libraries and back into his own hands, tidy them up, re-address them, add and subtract and finally smuggle them into the hands of his publishers, with appropriate wails of grief and anger when they appeared on the bookstalls. Less than ten per cent. of the correspondence was first printed by Pope himself and Mr. Sherburn has added over a third more letters than the previous edition contained. He has taken some twenty years to do the job and the result is a wonderful piece of editing, the whole correspondence annotated and arranged chronologically and, where possible, the replies to Pope's letters included.

Mr. Sherburn has not entombed Pope in these five handsome volumes. He has encased the tiny and fragile life of the poet in an iron structure of fame, the sort of contraption in which the Thames waterman placed him when he went boating. These letters enable us to see Pope in the full prestige of his own time, the glamour of the literary life lived *à l'outrance* in an age whose cultural prizes were not only glittering but immutable, and in which the written word had no competitors. In Augustan England the art of writing had a social importance that it never achieved before or has done since. To realise the kind of world it was, we must imagine a society in which Mr. Randolph Churchill gets beaten up by Lady Pamela Berry's footmen, Mr. Noël Coward lives tax free but dependent on the Hultons, Mr. John Hayward hobnobs with and devils for the Prime Minister, Lord Kinross and Miss Stevie Smith conspire to blackguard Mr. Evelyn Waugh in a lampoon, and Mr. Colin Wilson drops an emetic in his publisher's wine at the Ivy. The middle section of Pope's correspondence is an unending quadrille of literary personalities, all agog with prologues and epilogues, epigrams and epitaphs, Characters and Observations. Thoughts dart like tadpoles, projects are executed with incredible swiftness or protracted indefinitely while the projector reads Tully at ease among his Berkshire haycocks. All turns on a phrase. One condoles with the Earl of Burlington, "for being made Knight of the Garter," having known him "to be so many Better Things before." Everything in life—honour, friendship the needs of one's nearest and dearest—goes down before literary reputation, present or posthumous. "I am sorry," writes the Dean,

> for the scituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair; I had rather the two Sisters were hangd than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory: I would be glad to see his valuable works printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like Opuscula or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be ingraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else. . . .

The tedium of it all, unless you really liked the eighteenth-century literary cocktail life, must have been inconceivable. For every Gay or Arbuthnot there were twenty Aaron Hills, all clamouring for their *Tragedy of Athelwolde* to be read a second time. ("If you think it of any consequence that the King should see it in manuscript, I think nothing more easy.") "Dear Sir," Pope told this interminable bore (who later remarked spitefully that Pope's own fame was due to a "a bladdery swell of management"),

> I shall have the pleasure (sick or well) to be at the first representation of your play tomorrow, with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, and one or two more. Another noble Lord, who understands you best, must be contented to read the last two acts in his study; but Sir William Wyndham, with Mr. Gay, and some others, will be there also, in another place, in his stead. I write this that I may not take up a minute of your time in calling on me tomorrow.

Yet, when all is said, the preoccupations of these men and women were quite admirable. Their polish, courtesy and attentiveness, their studied death-beds and philosophic retirements were all part of a vast mutual conspiracy to enforce their own Augustan values—values that Pope, at his best, supremely represents—on themselves and on one another. Dr. Leavis, as great a critic in his admirations as he is bleak and unprofitable in his dislikes, has written of the poet that "there is nothing repressive about the Order that commands his imagination." Pope's fiercest satires have a life-affirming quality that is absent from the satire of Swift. As Dr. Leavis says of the *Dunciad*,

> The formal attitude here is one of satiric antipathy, but plainly the positive satisfaction taken by the poet in creating this marvellously organised complexity of surprising tropes, felicitously odd images, and profoundly imaginative puns, determines the predominant feeling, which in fact, might be called genial.

Despite the intrigue and artificiality that surrounds so much of Pope's correspondence, its abiding delight is the spectacle it affords us of a group of men and women all bent on living according to an ideal standard of Wit grounded on Virtue. Beneath the ornate flourishes, the Latin tags, the determined *bon ton*, Pope and his companions were full of nature. They could betray and turn on one another with a heartlessness that we find grotesque, yet no set of human beings ever had such a genius for friendship. Bolingbroke (who later employed Mallet to blacken Pope's character after his death) writes:

> I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age. Sure I am that the force of Friendship does; I lov'd you almost twenty Years ago, I thought as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an Equivoque, beyond the extent of my Ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many Years . . . I shall not determine. What I would say is this, whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the World, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the Ideas of friendship return oftner, they busy me, they warm me more, is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that They who are to live together in another State (for *vera amicitia non nisinter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that Divine Sympathy which is to be the great band of their future Society?

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* *The Correspondence of Alexander Pope*. Edited by GEORGE SHERBURN. 5 Vols. *Oxford*. 10 *gns*.

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HART-DAVIS

least, most negligent of them cannot help achieving such cadences. Death, exile, disease, they act them all out—and write of them—with the sober histrionics of the *Spectator*. "The earnest desire of meeting One I dearly lov'd," wrote Atterbury,

> call'd me abruptly to Montpellier: where, after continuing two Months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forc'd at last to take a long Journey to Toulouse; and even there I had miss'd the Person I sought, had She not with great Spirit & Courage, ventur'd all Night up the Garonne, to see me, which She above all things desir'd to do, before She dy'd. By that means, She was brought, where I was, between 7 & 8 in the morning, and liv'd 20 hours afterwards: which Time was not lost on either side, but pass'd in such a manner, as gave great Satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her Circumstances and Character. For She had her Senses to the very last Gasp, and exerted them, to give me, in those few hours, greater Marks of Duty and Love than She had done in all her Life-time; tho' She had never been wanting in either.

It is hard to reach these people. They have framed Man into an "Ethick System" and their fine feelings defy our own blunted categories of emotion. Bentley's "portentous cub" is their triumphant spokesman. His letters preserve them for us as his end-stopped couplets preserve the pigs and the dunces, the embalmed maggots of his imagination. Like Proust the Jew, Pope the Roman Catholic son of a linen-draper was an outsider. (It is moving to see how he gently resisted his friends' blundering but well-meant efforts to make him change his religion.) Like Proust he was an invalid with a dedicated aim: how those early "Imitations" of Cowley and Rochester recall the wonderful stylistic replicas of Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert in *Pastiches et Mélanges*). Like Proust, "the little Alexander" pitted his genius against a whole society and ended by conquering his world and imposing his image of it upon posterity.

JOHN RAYMOND

At "The Angler"

The apple trees were all "salaams" of clusters
in those walled gardens where the mown
grass, what with rains and years, took dents like
peaches;
the bent old roofs, the trees, that grass
went on so with their lives there, we alone
seemed to be short of time to pass.

The world was summer and a doze, that pasturing
country so lazily inclined
down to the willow-wept, the swan-sailed river
and the eighteenth century villages:
quelled river voices seeped the back of the mind
fooling the ear with distances.

And if rain rattled all night on the leaves,
the great night-crescent of the weir,
swollen with rainfall, growling its white tons
seemed to call pardon on our crime
of parting, cause more deep than now or here
talking to our short from its long time.

Lovers, we had our share of the ideal;
again, next day, with end of storm
how swans curved near as if to bring good omens
to us and—so love made it seem
there and then certain—in their trance of calm
blazed a white Always from that stream.

BERNARD SPENCER

The Last Trek

The Last Trek. By SHEILA PATTERSON. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

The Anatomy of South African Misery. By C. W. DE KIEWIET. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Whither South Africa? By PROFESSOR B. B. KEET. Translated by N. J. MARQUARD. *Edinburgh House Press.* 6*s.*

"The national-minded Afrikaner has no future in the world today. His uncompromising values and attitudes are too directly in conflict with those of the outside world and with the conditions of survival." Such is Miss Patterson's conclusion to her study of "the Boer People and the Afrikaner Nation." The national-minded Afrikaner is now setting out on his last trek. It must lead him either to "no Promised Land" (a piece of understatement which suggests leaning over backwards) or into "the twentieth-century world" by means of "a radical revision of his basic values." Miss Patterson holds out no hope of such a reform, nor is it expected by the most thoughtful observers inside or outside South Africa. She has reached her conclusion by way of a detailed examination of the political background and present principles and policies of the national-minded Afrikaners, conducted from the standpoint of a social anthropologist. Her thoroughness in amassing and her level-headedness in assessing factual detail have combined to produce a helpful explanation of the workings of the Nationalist mind in South Africa and of their causes and present consequences.

The complexity of South Africa is not to be understood without detailed study and first-hand experience, and it is easy for those who lack both to form their opinions on snap-judgments, superficial journalism, sentimental prejudice, and accurate reports of the frequent and self-damaging words and deeds of the leaders of the Nationalist regime. It is therefore difficult from a distance, and even difficult on the spot, to make proper allowances for the grievances and for the virtues of the Afrikaners—their courage, tenacity, faithfulness, moral fortitude, and kindliness are too often eclipsed by their obstinate narrowness, fanaticism and bigotry. It is all the same possible to see why they are so intransigent and, in the eyes of the world, so imprudent, and to grasp the essential workings of their herd-emotionalism. For anybody who wishes to do so, Miss Patterson is a most informative guide. What emerges from her book is a truthful impression of a people whose history has fostered in them persistent and complex fears and a deep-rooted feeling of insecurity, and who, as these emotions grow more intense under political and economic pressure from outside and inside their frontiers, express themselves in greater aggressiveness towards other Whites and to the non-White majority in their own country, and towards the outside world. At the same time, tradition becomes ancestor-worship, independence becomes isolationism, their Calvinist belief in themselves as a chosen people degenerates into a guilty Herrenvolkism, and a defiant complacency and persecution-mania harden into a tyranny which may easily (if history is any guide) end in violence and catastrophe. History, as Miss Patterson says, for them has become "a tool to perpetuate the laager mentality" embattled against the world in general. It almost looks as if they long for extinction.

Miss Patterson quotes from both Professor Keet and Dr. de Kiewiet. Born in Holland, Dr. de Kiewiet spent his youth in South Africa, graduated at the University of the Witwatersrand, studied in London, Paris, and Berlin, and after a notable academic career became President of the University of Rochester, N.Y., in 1951. He is the author of a history of South Africa. His new book is a sequence of three lectures delivered in Canada last year. Grave, moderate and enlightened, he necessarily covers some of the same ground as Miss Patterson but in a different manner and with a wide vision. Since the world, he says, is "undertaking a new approach to man,"

the racial policies of South Africa have become a leading issue in international relations. His concise and exact account of the implications of the Boer War could hardly be better, and he has some interesting observations about the secondary place accorded until quite lately in the great British Universities to the study of "the greatest expansion of cultural influence since the Roman Empire," namely, the British Empire. His main concern, however, is to examine what he calls "the delusion of *Apartheid*." He does not venture to forecast whether South Africa will continue in a slow and chronic debility or when or whether it will be afflicted with a violent and dangerous inflammation. He sees clearly that through stupidity Western societies can become the most potent allies of the disruption they most fear, and he believes it urgent that a real alliance should be formed between the Whites and the "emergent African leadership." But who believes that such an alliance will be formed in South Africa before it is too late?

It is the distinction of Professor Keet, the senior professor of the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch, that he published in Afrikaans the short book now translated into English. It was courageous of him to write about *Apartheid* from a truly Christian, not a Christian Nationalist, standpoint. He found that there was no scriptural warrant for *Apartheid*, though it had become heretical to say so. He went so far as to say that colour had no essential significance in human relations, that the antithesis Black-versus-White was ridiculous, and that the fight to be waged was not between Black and White, but between barbarism and civilisation. One swallow, as Miss Patterson says of him, does not make a summer. And to speak, as he does, of the need for "a change of heart and mind" is to incur the risk of being called wishful. But it is the function of a Christian to work for changes of heart and mind, and, as Professor Keet says, "spiritual movements always start from small beginnings." That the Afrikaners can produce, as they continually do, men of such courage and such devotion to truth and humanity, is an important reminder that they must not be generalised about too glibly, or written off as a uniform mass of bedevilled understandings.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Grace and Sensibility

John Henry Newman : Autobiographical Writings. Edited by HENRY TRISTRAM. *Sheed & Ward.* 18*s.*

Newman: Prose and Poetry. Selected by GEOFFREY TILLOTSON. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

Newman is never dull. Almost all those who were in their day his friends or his enemies and appeared to be very great men in their own fashion are now so spiritually remote as to be almost incomprehensible. Who now reads Pusey or Ward, Faber or Keble? Even the terrible Manning, grimly fascinating though he may appear to us as we peer at him through the bars of Purcell's biography, chiefly survives as a foil to Newman. But someone is always reading Newman or writing a book about him, relishing once again the elegant economy of the letter to Monsignor Talbot declining the invitation to preach in Rome to "an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England," catching with him the implied rebuke of St. Augustine's *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, weeping with him over the *Apologia*, exclaiming in joyful incredulity over the dénouement—so like a novel, so unlike life—which discovers Newman robed in the sacred purple of the cardinalate.

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Anne Mozley's *Letters and Correspondence*, Ward's *Life*, and other writings on Newman. But it is valuable to have them as they were written by Newman himself and without the excisions which discretion and good taste once seemed to command. It is true that there are no startling revelations; there is nothing to alter our settled judgment on those who cherished or slighted Newman; Ambrose St. John is still as devoted, Manning as devious, Cullen as infuriating, Ullathorne as magnanimous. The portrait of Newman himself is more deeply etched and some details are added, notably in the fascinating Early Journals, transcribed and retranscribed by Newman, not with a view to their posthumous publication but "in order to give dear Ambrose elbow room in his knowledge of me, if he was to make a memoir of me." We must be grateful to the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory that despite this they have decided that the time has now come for publication. We hope that we shall soon be given other writings from the unpublished material in the Birmingham archives.

There will always be a few who find something to irritate—a touch of the meretricious, perhaps—in Newman's personality. One sees what it is that irks them, even if one thinks the judgment itself inadequate. Newman himself was clear about what it was in him that prompted the judgment. There is an illuminating passage in the account in this volume of his illness in Sicily. He relates how in his half-delirium

> I seemed to see more & more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, & felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. . . . I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, & a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and, having no great (i.e., no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honors, or any thing else, and some firmness and natural dignity of character, take the profession of them upon me, as I might sing a tune which I liked—loving the Truth but not possessing it—for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow—*i.e.*, with little love, little self denial.

Of course, no man who was wholly as Newman in this passage depicts himself would be capable of such a self-portrait. The brilliance, the dialectical power, the rhetoric and the histrionics and the disposition to make "mere intellectual deductions" without pity for himself or others, all are there until the end; but he was caught in the toils of Grace from his childhood and he was never for long disobedient to his vocation. Grace apart, what was it that saved him from scepticism and intellectual dandyism? It was surely his sensibility. He tells us that when he began to get better in Sicily his servant

> got me with great difficulty down stairs, (down the stone steps) and took me out and seated me on a chair, I think under my windows—looking out across somewhat of a space, so I seem to think, to a pillar which he said was Roman. As I sat in the chair, I could not command myself, but cried profusely, the sight of the sky was so piercing.

Many of Newman's published works are out of print and hard to come by. Professor Tillotson's one-volume selection does something to remedy this. His general principle of selection is to include only complete works and those, moreover, which exemplify Newman's literary power rather than his acuteness and profundity as a philosopher and a theologian. Thus we are given the *Apologia* (in its truncated second edition), the Dublin *Discourses*, *Loss and Gain*—a most surprising selection—*The Tamworth Reading Room* (again, surprising, but a convincing choice), four Anglican sermons, and a few letters and poems. A volume on this scale which contains neither the *Essay on Development* nor the *Grammar of Assent* must fail to give the reader a just impression of Newman's powers. *Loss and Gain* would not have been missed.

J. M. CAMERON

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1833-1874

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Tom Mann and His Times. Vol. I 1856-90. By DONA TORR. *Lawrence & Wishart*. 21*s*.

Keir Hardie. By EMRYS HUGHES. *Allen & Unwin*. 15*s*.

Jim Larkin. By R. M. FOX. *Lawrence & Wishart*. 18*s*.

What makes a labour leader? Or what, at least, made a labour leader in the heroic age when it was beards and banners, hard work and low pay, and unemployment was a good deal nearer than the New Jerusalem? As I have been reading these three biographies I realised again that such men as Mann, Hardie and Larkin are much closer to the Chartists than they are to us. All of them, of course, belong to the great upsurge at the beginning of the century; we have been coasting along ever since on the shove that they and their like gave to our social history, and specifically to our unions and the Labour Party. But they were born into a society which had really changed very little since Feargus O'Connor and Bronterre O'Brien, and it was their fortune to take command of the ragged-trousered philanthropists just at the moment when a radical change had become both necessary and possible. Between 1880 and 1914, the men and the situation came together, and a small group of leaders—rediscovering what had been forgotten after 1848—were able to move the working-class clean on to our political stage. Since we now seem to move so much more slowly with resources that are so much greater, it is neither academic nor sentimental to look back fifty years and ask how such men emerged, and why they were able to succeed against odds that still in retrospect seem much more formidable than those that face our modern labour movement.

Part of the answer is that these men served as sparking-plugs for the accumulated social energy of a half-century; part of it, too, was the millenialism born of poverty and frustration. It is only a short step in logic from religious to political dissent, and once evangelism was translated into secular terms—so that salvation could be achieved in life rather than in the after-life—the sectarian was armed with an invincible self-confidence. All three of these men were essentially religious. Hardie changed from atheism to a form of deism; Mann, at 21, wanted to be a missionary; and Larkin was a Catholic Nationalist who believed about equally in the Pope and Wolfe Tone. And each of them had a careless disregard for material advancement or self-interest: they were professional revolutionaries before revolutions became corrupted by power, police and purges.

It is true that there were important differences between them. Hardie was never a doctrinaire. His experiences in the Scottish coalfields taught him two simple lessons—the need for union and the need for the trade union to have an independent political expression—and he applied those lessons firmly, courageously and successfully, as Mr. Hughes shows in his sympathetic biography of his father-in-law. Mann, on the other hand, was much more the classical revolutionary, always looking for the abstraction behind the action. His early career reads like something from Wells: the young skilled worker, reading Shakespeare, Shelley, Bradlaugh, Ruskin, Mill and Thorold Rogers, attending the meetings of the Mutual Improvement Society in the Chiswick High Road, cutting up a meteorite and buying a telescope to see where it came from. Next, the itinerant agitator and strike leader, and then through Syndicalism to Communism to become a typical Comintern biography—arrests for free speech in Melbourne, for incitement to mutiny in London, for sedition in Swansea; deportation from Northern Ireland and from Canada. The first volume of this biography by the late Dona Torr ends with the dock strike of 1889, and it will presumably be completed by other hands. But even in this volume it is possible to see why Hardie and Mann, born in the same year and working along much the same lines in this period, should have taken paths that were to lead in such divergent directions.

Both Hardie and Mann, however, were politicians—even Mann's Syndicalism was a search for a way of escape from Lib-Lab acceptance of the Establishment—while Larkin was the true syndicalist, believing in proletarian power expressed through direct action. Larkin was a Wobbly rather than a Socialist, an instinctive class fighter who never saw much beyond a vision of a free Ireland in which the working man should have his rights.

Mr. Fox, for all his affection for Larkin, has understood this, and his portrait of Larkin shows just how much a man depends upon the moment. Belfast and Dublin in the pre-1914 years were moving towards a revolutionary outbreak, and social tension was rising in England. At such a moment, as David Garnett once recalled in this journal, Larkin could appear on a platform as "the whole of the sweated, starved, exploited working-class suddenly incarnate in the shape of a gigantic Tarzan of all the slum jungles of the West." But after 1916 and 1922, the bloodletting had released the pressure, and Larkin—powerful, attractive, dictatorial still, for all his imprisonment in the U.S.—could never again move masses of men into action.

The emergence of these three men, each embodying a different strain of temperament and of tactics, recalls the similar outcrop of leaders and policies in the Chartist period. Great upheavals produce great men, and they have to work out again in new situations the conflicts and concepts of the past. (Consider, in our time, the reweaving of the patterns of 1848 in Hungary.) It is meaningless to urge that we should "go back" to Keir Hardie, or Tom Mann or William Morris or Jim Larkin. If a comparable crisis comes upon us, it will throw up new men of equal ability and courage.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

How Sérieux Are They?

The Mandarins. By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. Translated by L. M. FRIEDMAN. *Collins.* 18s.

It was high time that this extremely important novel became available in English. The translation, which has a distinct American flavour, does the book less than justice; the edge of Simone de Beauvoir's style has been blunted, and the intellectual precision of much of the dialogue has disappeared. But this is a minor drawback. *The Mandarins* is not to be read for its literary elegance, or for its story, which is crude and even melodramatic, but because it gives us, under a thin fictional veneer, a brilliant survey of the post-war French intellectual. Its sweep, its variety, its accuracy, its objectivity (remarkable in a woman of Mme de Beauvoir's beliefs and prejudices) combine to present a dazzling panorama of the giants of the Left Bank, their friendships and alliances, their microscopic (but momentous) shifts to the Left or Right, their desperate controversies, their ultimate self-betrayals. All are present and correct, and one does not have to be a detective to identify them: Sartre, Camus, Aragon, Pierre Hervé, Claude Bourdet, D'Astier de la Vigérie, Raymond Aron, Merleau-Ponty, all buzzing furiously round the St. Germain honey-pot.

The story centres around the battle for political control of *L'Espoir*, an intellectual daily which is clearly based on the old *Combat* of the immediate post-war period, and it culminates in the cataclysm of the Kravchenko Case, the real watershed of modern French intellectual life. The *Leitmotif* of the book is a question: "What attitude should I adopt towards the Communists?" It is a question to which no French intellectual has succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer—not, Lord knows, for want of trying—because, although the Party revolts him, it is still the party of the revolution and of the industrial working-class; and all French intellectuals are, by definition, revolutionaries. An attitude of permanent hostility to the current physical embodiment of the revolutionary principle is, to them, unthinkable. Hence their dilemma, which Hungary has not solved but merely intensified. Simone de Beauvoir herself does not even attempt to provide the answer; her own comment is merely tangential and despairing: "*La gauche a perdu sa chaleur, la droite n'a rien appris.*"

With *The Mandarins*, we are far away from the squares of Bloomsbury, the bed-sitters of the Lucky Jims, the Chelsea maisonettes, or the rural domesticity of successful English men of letters. French intellectual life has far more coherence and discipline than its English equivalent because its participants have a sense of place and a sense of unity. The place is Paris, or rather a small section of it. The ambition of all French intellectuals is to get there, establish proprietary rights in the corner of a bar or a salon, and build up a physical circle of admirers. English intellectuals, by contrast, utilise their success to emigrate from London, and their object in life is to be mistaken for minor members of the aristocracy. French intellectuals are not interested in such things. They are all bourgeois anyway, and their social position is perfectly well-defined. As in *The Mandarins*, they discuss the working-class passionately, but only as an abstraction; they do not meet workers, and they do not attempt to. Equally, when they attend a society *salon*, they may experience a feeling of unease, but on political, not social, grounds, or because they fear they are wasting time. Their principal interest is the respective *prises de position* which their fellow-intellectuals take in response to contemporary phenomena or events; this gives them their sense of unity and occupies most of their energies. In short, they do not, like their English equivalents, work largely in isolation; they require gregarious stimulation, and their writings are not so much individual works as episodes in an endless chain-reaction.

All this, of course, means that French intellectuals spend a great deal of their time in the ancillary activities of writing: the café-discussions, the reading of vast numbers of reviews and newspapers, the signing and writing of manifestos and protests, and complex manoeuvrings to secure the support of organs of opinion. There is relatively little time left for writing itself and for serious reading (though I fear they would challenge my definition of "serious"). Nearly all French intellectuals write far too quickly—Sartre recently defined his position on Hungary in a 50,000-word essay which took him just over a week to write—and although this haste is rarely reflected in the quality of their prose, since good French, unlike good English, can be written at great speed, it often leads to prolixity in the presentation of their arguments. On the rare occasions when an English intellectual writes a "think-piece," he is usually sharper than his French colleague.

The second weakness of the French intellectual—the failure to do sufficient serious reading—is more fundamental. An intelligent, educated Frenchman of twenty-one has already read all the great literary and philosophical classics; his tragedy, especially if he becomes a professional intellectual, is that he rarely reverts to them. When he enters a café to meet his friends, he will carry under his arm a vast, disorganised bundle of current controversy—the latest issues of *Arts*, *Esprit*, *La Table Ronde*, *Les Temps Modernes*, *France-Observateur*, *La Revue de Paris*, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, and three or four new books—but scarcely anything which has been published more than six months before. Henri, the Camus-like hero of *The Mandarins*, complains, hopelessly, that he never gets time to do any reading. Naturally: he has to keep his head above the sea of words which flow inexorably from the French literary machine. In a recent interview with a French paper, Roger Peyrefitte said that the central influence in his literary life had been Anatole France, and added: "though I

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haven't read him since I was young, of course." The "of course" is significant.

True, the French intellectual's passionate preoccupation with what is ephemeral gives him a certain strength and nobility—*The Mandarins* does not debate the permanent problems of class and sex so much as the burning issues of our time—but it tends to undermine his self-confidence as a writer. In relation to the energy he expends, his measurable impact on French society is small. He can win fame, even wealth; but the C.P. regards him merely as an expendable beast of burden; and if he breaks with them, he simply becomes a showpiece convert of the Right. He can influence Frenchmen's minds, never their policies. And, unlike his English colleague, he finds it difficult to find compensation in the rediscovery of eternal truths which, after all, is the real business of the intellectual. His ideas grow shop-worn so quickly that life becomes merely an exhilarating race to keep up with the present, punctuated with moments of sadness and despair. In all these respects, *The Mandarins* is a faithful portrait of the age and the society it describes. Too faithful, indeed, to be a great work of art: published in 1954, it is already slightly—almost imperceptibly—out of date.

PAUL JOHNSON

Thought

Existence and Being. By MARTIN HEIDEGGER. Introduction by WERNER BROCK. *Vision Press.* 35*s.*

Justice. By JOSEF PIEPER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Case for Modern Man. By CHARLES FRANKEL. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

Faith and Logic. Edited by BASIL MITCHELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

History of Religions. By E. O. JAMES. *English Universities Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Person in Psychology. By PAUL LAFITTE. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

The Dramatic Universe. By J. G. BENNETT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* Vol. I. 42*s.*

Chin in hand, elbow on right knee, eyes without focus, somebody is at it all the time. If they are lucky enough to live in the country, they go out for long walks in the afternoon or straighten their backs from the spade and stand until a sigh eases their rigidity. Eventually their desks claim them, or they pace dictating, or scribbled notes expand in the lecture-room. Foreigners are supposed to be better at it than we are. Certainly, the foreigner often seems to approach this matter differently. He is likely, if a Frenchman, to speak of "*ma pensée*" as he might of his liver. Of what he may do if a German, nobody has given more eloquent demonstrations than Professor Dr. Heidegger, once Rector at Freiburg-im-Breisgau.

Among the books listed above (whose total of two thousand pages I do not claim to have read) three are by native thinkers, and five were written in English, though it may be that, in Australia and America respectively, their thoughts first came to Dr. Lafitte and Mr. Frankel in other languages.

The various hands in *Faith and Logic* are those of Oxford Christian philosophers and are no doubt to be shaken over sherry after morning service at Christ Church. Professor James, himself a clerk in the national Holy Orders, has usually taught his subject in London. His expertly conceived and informative book is one of a "Teach Yourself" series designed, I suppose, for people living in areas not well served by the W.E.A., in which I have always imagined that nonconformist influences predominate. Dr. Lafitte I conceive to be a Jungian. Mr. Frankel is a humanist and takes (if I do not mistake him) the view that there is too much religion.

Mr. Bennett's book is very long, and there is more to come. Anybody who feels that the universe is large and that the human spirit is involved with the Milky Way will find here quite well-written stuff and diagrams to feed his fantasies. A middle-aged Outsider suffering from claustrophobia is more likely to push Gurdjieff and Ouspensky away as phantoms surviving from the Yogi-bogeyism of the Twenties and Thirties.

I am enormously impressed by Dr. Pieper. He is a Thomist; whether he is also a practising Roman Catholic and can be thought representative of German Catholicism at present is not made clear. He quotes Kant, Plato and even Plotinus, as well as St. Thomas Aquinas and Aristotle. On the face of it, we have here little but texts (predominantly from St. Thomas) with Dr. Pieper's glosses. Negatively, with what freedom from prejudgment and oratorical excitement, Dr. Pieper leads us to examine the basis of every measure we urge, every stand we take up. Christian thinkers cannot do better than think about cardinal virtues. None of these virtues is specifically Christian, but it may well be that only Christians are in a position to think about them candidly and with exactitude today. I do recommend Dr. Pieper's little book, admirably translated by Laurence E. Lynch, and I wish it were cheaper. I cannot think of anybody who would not read it with advantage of some kind.

Dr. Pieper's main point is that, while the being a just man is as subjective as it is to be temperate, fortitudinous or prudent, justice itself is objective (there is a case for inverted commas here, but we are all too prone to them). Heidegger represents an extreme of philosophical subjectiveness. He wants to know (as Professor Ayer does) what can properly be said about this evident thing or that obtruding person, but he also wants to know (unlike Professor Ayer) what he is himself and why he should be standing there wondering what to say about this thing or that person or making statements or pseudo-statements at all. Professor Heidegger is not complacent. There is something decidedly complacent about the English critical philosopher's delight in concluding that nothing much can be said.

Traduttori traditori. As a general proposition, I subscribe to the view that very few words in any language are able to be directly translated into any other. This does not make translation impossible. Heidegger is a hard case. There must, nevertheless, somewhere be somebody who could give you his flavour in part without leaning over, breathing in your face, tugging your coat sleeve and reminding you that "existence" in English means one thing and that "*Dasein*" and "*Vorhandenheit*" and "*das Seiendes*" and "*Existenz*" all means something quite different. The fact that the French have only one word for "mind," "wit" and "spirit" has never yet led to serious misunderstanding. It is all very well to make jokes about "*Fleisch*" and "*Geist*" and to argue that in German you can only say, "The ghost is willing, but the meat is weak." This has never caused misunderstanding between the followers of John Wesley and German Lutheran Protestantism. It ought to be possible to do something about Heidegger.

The present volume is only his in part. It is rather a book about Heidegger by Dr. Werner Brock, with four short pieces of Heidegger's, translated by four hands, as *addenda*. The finger of Mr. Rudolf Friedmann may be detected somewhere obscurely in the pie, and a foreword by Stefan Schimanski contains the substance of an account of going to see Heidegger in his mountain hut which I remember reading in, I think, *Tribune* soon after the war. This is an unrevised second edition. It contains no intimation even that the engaging if sometimes unreliable Schimanski long since afforded us a poignant example of *Nichtmehrdasein*.

The four Heidegger pieces consist of two essays on Hölderlin, the famous *Was ist Metaphysik?* (once stylishly taken to pieces by Carnap) and a lecture on *The Essence of Truth* which I had not seen before. The argument seems to be that truth is human freedom exercised in regard to the proffered reality of a thing. I find myself quickly reduced to staring at all those inverted commas and German words in brackets with just such a hypochondriacal fixity as I have sometimes thought characterised the phenomenological outlook.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

New Novels

Growing Up. By BARBARA LUCAS. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Sound of Waves. By YUKIO MISHIMA. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Abode of Love. By AUBREY MENEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Fall. By ALBERT CAMUS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sometimes the novel-reviewer's parcel is really so heterogeneous that there is no opportunity for anything in the way of polite introductory rambling. This week we have a Kensington saga of adolescent girlhood that turns out to be much better than one might expect, a modern Japanese version of one of the really primordial half-dozen plots, a precise and witty little extravaganza about a Victorian agapemone and an obscure, boring and pretentious monologue about the plight of modern man or the modern French intellectual. It is not a good week for the novel of ideas. The first three are about love, which hardly singles them out, they are pleasant to read and they are not intended to prove anything. In their modest way they are pure imaginative literature, invented, or at least embellished, narratives of human experience and each has a specific enjoyment to give. *The Fall* is not very obviously about anything in particular and offers nothing but an illusory flavour of importance.

The situation of Miss Lucas's heroine, Lucy, is calculated to freeze the heart of any habitual novel-reader. Lucy is Catholic and lives with her

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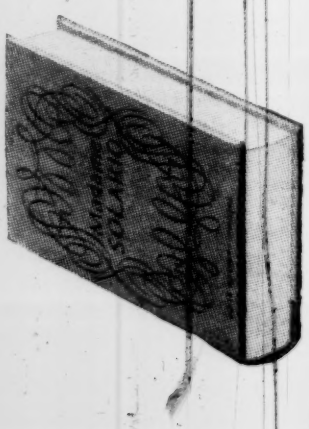

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HEINEMANN *Reprinting.* 16*s.*

two clever Somervillian sisters and their widowed Mummy just off Kensington High Street. From there excursions are made to rural Sussex to visit Granfer, a literary relic, who is looked after by Rose, a fey and almost insanely self-centred convert, who calls Mass "service." It is the mid-Twenties and matric and the hols lie ahead. From Arthur Marshall we move on to Sandy Wilson and from him, as Lucy matures and left-wing young men become attentive, to Christopher Isherwood. The pattern of the book is determined by Rose, for it begins with her breaking-off an engagement and ends with her moving her kit into the house of an elderly and gluttonous French nature-healer after she has left her husband. Lucy's own adjustment to the world is set out in the space left by Rose's unedifying progression. This gives the book a lop-sided air since all the best things in it concern Lucy. What makes it worth reading is the acuteness of Miss Lucas's perceptions and the adroitness with which she triumphantly avoids the awful temptations of her subject-matter. Her perceptiveness is first shown by the cropping-up of hard physical detail in what seems a glossy magazine-story surface. In the circumstances it comes as an agreeable shock to find Lucy picking her toenails after a hot bath. More important is the penetrating account of elusive aspects of social life. Miss Lucas is particularly good on the open and unpredictable malevolences of school life and on the special set of emotions evoked by parties, on what it is like when a friend avoids your eye and again when you avoid his. The authenticity with which she recaptures things easily forgotten is not confined to the generous supply of entertaining contemporary detail. Its most impressive use is in the account of Lucy's first encounters with love, particularly in the description of the mixed feelings with which she reads her first love-letter. *Growing Up* is a collection of bits and pieces, but some of them are excellent. It is lively, sympathetic and admirably free from self-indulgence.

The Sound of Waves is a very simple and unassuming affair. Most of the fun of reading it comes from its remoteness. Odd scraps of Westernness here and there heighten the effect of distance as when a Verlaine poem is quoted in the mimeographed bulletin of the remote fishing village's Youth Association, and in such things as this mysterious sentence: "Unlike the environment of city youths, always exploding with thrills, Utajima had not a single pin-ball parlour, not a single bar, not a single waitress." Since for the most part the story might have been set two thousand years ago this is like finding a bit of Fray Bentos label in the middle of a dish of sweet-and sour pork. The characterisation is very faint and the plot is not exactly new. Shinji, son of a poor widow, falls in love with Hatsue, daughter of the owner of two boats. She loves him too but her father forbids them to meet. The lighthouse-keeper's daughter, on holiday from Tokyo University, complicates matters by spreading a false rumour. But she owns up, Shinji vindicates himself in father's eyes and everything turns out all right. Apart from a splendid scene where the women of the village, sitting naked on the shore in the course of their profession of diving for fish, discuss their breasts with great detail and seriousness, there is not much to hold the attention in this pale and amiable little book. But to pass from the monthly rite, by which father's death is commemorated, and visits to the sea-god's shrine to the deduction of the Fishing Co-operative's sales commission is somehow compelling.

Mr. Aubrey Menen has a distinctive reputation and is recommended by his admirers as something out of the ordinary. *The Abode of Love* is the first of his books I have read but I see their point. It is a fictional reconstruction of the career of Henry James Prince who coped with the desires that made him such an unsatisfactory clergyman by inventing a small religion to accommodate them. He was lucky in finding four wealthy sisters to endow it and to take their turns in his bed. Prince leans heavily on the advice of Sergeant Bunt of the Marines, a fine comic figure plagued by the same constitutional difficulty. The book is written with great elegance and apparently effortless lucidity and is skilfully navigated between two dangerous reefs. On the one hand there is no sniggering or desire to shock, and on the other no laborious satire at the expense of Victorian hypocrisy and so forth. It is not a satire at all, in fact, but a fable without a moral. There are some charming Victorian touches in the mountebank of a railway promoter and in the general sonority of everyone's diction, but they are laid on with economy.

The Fall, an English translation of M. Camus's *La Chute*, has very much larger pretensions than the other three books. It takes the form of a confession or apologia delivered by a formerly successful Parisian lawyer to someone he meets by chance in his exile in Amsterdam. Clamence, the narrator, used to be a fountain of insincere liberal rhetoric and a sexual virtuoso but the hollowness of his existence was revealed to him and he abandoned the whole thing. Now in the Mexico Bar in Amsterdam's dock area he practises the métier of judge-penitent, having won the right to judge others by the thoroughness with which he condemns himself. It is hard to see what to make of it all. Clamence's previous life is such a crude and jejune stereotype that its condemnation cannot be taken to apply to anything but the day-dreams of French adolescents. The problem is: who is being ironical at the expense of what? Is it Clamence now about Clamence then or Camus about Clamence in general or what? The book has a sort of negative religiosity, nervously disguised with trivial abuse of the Church, in its suggestions of belief in original sin. The style is unattractive if apt, being the oblique and stilted flow of a man working his way round to asking for a loan. There is a good deal of jaded Bohemian rot about the bourgeoisie being worse than professional criminals (are we not all guilty, etc.) and outbursts of cynical anguish about platitudes, e.g., "don't believe your friends when they ask you to be sincere with them." One might define stupidity as the state of needing to be told this.

ANTHONY QUINTON

The Apprehender

Memoirs of a Bow Street Runner. By HENRY GODDARD. *Museum Press.* 18*s.*

The Bow Street runners, our earliest police detectives, established by Fielding in 1749 and replaced in 1839 by the Metropolitan Police, have attracted no historian. Their records have long been dispersed and their reputation rests insecurely on the loose strictures Dickens scattered in the pages of *Household Words*. In 1862 he described them in a letter as "a slack institution" and dismissed the author of these obviously authentic and frequently absorbing memoirs as "still existing in questionable shape." At that date Goddard was, in fact, in very good shape indeed, had completed 15 years' service with the Runners, nine years as Chief Constable of Northampton, and was combining an agreeable sinecure as doorkeeper to the House of Lords with a well merited and flourishing practice as a private detective. He completed his memoirs between 1875 and 1879 and died in 1883.

Throughout a long life the range of his activities was wide enough to satisfy the most avid romantic. He apprehended Chunee the Mad Elephant who held up the Strand, spied on the Chartists and arrested one of their leaders, shadowed the egregious Duke of Brunswick, recovered the plate stolen from the Travellers' Club and the gold from the Dover Mail, pursued an absconding insurance agent with a clubfoot to the Opera House at Melbourne, and traced an undischarged bankrupt "to a log hut on a prairie near the Rock River with his trousers tucked up, mowing wet grass in the territory of Wisconsin."

Goddard began his career amid a welter of petty thieves, on a diet of "salt beef and carrots washed down with beer," rose to escorting the future Emperor of Russia, delivering a personal

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report to William IV and supping on "beautiful crimped salmon, saddle of mutton in high perfection and pints of champagne." Goddard was a very English character—snobbish, vulgar, nosy, decent and dauntless. He accomplished dangerous and exacting missions with few resources apart from his own wits to rely on and little more assistance than he could enlist by his own efforts. His courage was the same brand as that of Nimrod's fox-hunters who "sent their hearts over fences first and then followed them in the best way they could," and like most police detectives he was a quick and adept bluffer. When asked (quite rightly) by a suspected thief upon what authority he had cut open his portmanteaux Goddard quickly replied "If you don't mind you will get imprisoned for being in the hotel under a false name." He took the false Count Reiter-offer into custody without a warrant and when asked to produce one "pulled an old one out of my pocket . . . and as Her Majesty's Coat of Arms was engraved upon it this satisfied him." When the superintendent at Bow Street hesitated to receive him into custody without a warrant, Goddard at once said "I charge him with conspiracy"—the charge was taken, the prisoner locked up and Goddard obtained a certificate of indictment early next day.

The artless and unaffected style of these memoirs has a morning freshness and piquancy. On an April morning in 1839 Goddard observed in a post-chaise, a well-dressed, stout and robust looking man who, on seeing me, beckoned me towards him. As I advanced he drew in his legs, opened the door, pushed down the steps and jumped out holding his boots and stockings in his hands, and inquired of me if I was an Officer. "Because if you are," said he, "I wish you to introduce me to the Chief Magistrate, as I have come over during the night from Jamaica in a hurricane and I must see him on a matter of great importance to the people and to the country, for you know and you must see that I am the finest man in the world and there is no man so handsome, and he would give me ten thousand pounds."

The whole book reeks of a period in which those English characteristics which have now become mere myths were occurrences in everyday life: even the characters have names like Pug the grocer, Sam Plank and Dick Poacher the Navvy. It is all very refreshing and agreeable and our thanks go to Mr. Patrick Pringle, who has introduced, edited and annotated it to perfection.

W. H. HUGHES

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Shorter Reviews

Book Collecting. By ROBERT L. COLLISON. *Benn.* 25*s.*

Mr. Collison's training as a professional librarian (he is now Reference Librarian, City of Westminster) has given him a wide interest in bibliographical matters, and his approach to book-collecting is fresh and unfamiliar. His method has been to devote chapters to various aspects of book production such as bindings, manuscripts and proof reading, paper and watermarks, printing, title-pages, authors and editors, advertisements, cancels, piracies and forgeries, illustrations, publishers and finally to the contents. He is at pains to give examples of the types of problem to which bibliography can provide solutions, and his range is evidence of wide reading.

Where Mr. Collison is on familiar ground his book is valuable and informative, in particular his chapter on manuscripts and his citation of the varied sources of biographical information and other works of reference. There are sections of his subject, however, where he treads a good deal less surely, and a number of errors and misrepresentations, plus a good many misprints, are a serious blemish on an ambitious and in parts an interesting book. Here are a few examples: The Mainz Psalter appeared in 1457 and not in 1454 (as on p. 153) or in 1484 (as on p. 200). It is highly misleading to refer the novice to "Davenport's classic *English Heraldic Book-stamps*" without telling him that, in the words of E. Gordon Duff, it is "about the most worthless book ever compiled"; it is quite untrue to say in general that "three-decker novels were not complete without their pictures," or that medieval manuscripts "had to be protected by heavy covers that substantially overlapped the edges of the pages"; and the Roxburghe Club is a singular omission from an appendix entitled "Who's Who and What's What."

A. N. L. M.

A Grave for a Dolphin. By ALBERTO DENTI DI PIRAJNO. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Duke Denti di Pirajno presents himself, like Maugham in Sutherland's portrait, as an Oriental storyteller. He reminisces about what was evidently a full and enjoyable life as a doctor and administrator in the Italian colonies on the fringe of the Arab world, Tripoli and Eritrea. He has some good stories, or rather good anecdotes, for, whatever their length, they have the distinguishing quality of anecdotes that, while they please and astonish, they do nothing to acclimatise us to the life from which they spring. His principal theme is the relationship that can come to exist between animals and men. Only the very privileged man, however, can approach an animal. Ordinary people are visited by them, and the animals, as it were, bring their darkness with them. Thus, a prisoner is visited by a bird, a girl is accompanied while swimming by a dolphin. Similarly, the author does not approach his African subjects. The characters who attract his sympathy, particularly children and wily merchants, are those whose way of living touches or amuses him without involvement. This extreme respect for the privacy of other people, together with a mellow after-dinner inconsequence, some descriptive passages in de luxe style, and a slight sentimentality about native women, confer upon the book an Edwardian quality. Those who share the author's reserve will find him charming; those who are easily irritated by the voice of experience will not.

J. P. H.

Farewell to Steam. By ROGER LLOYD. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It may be that somewhere, traced by an oily finger on the grimy side of a B.R. tender, there is a heart-and-arrow device with the inscription "Roger Lloyd loves Black Stanier." His faithfulness to the stalwart L.M.R. "Class Fives" is of long standing. But there are few among the famous types of British steam locomotives for which he has not an affectionate word: and this is his swan-song to the species as a whole.

It is a timely and evocative group of essays and experiences; for its purpose, while paying tribute to the departing splendour of the *Kings* and *Duchesses* and *West Countries*, is to repudiate the mournful belief that their loss will empty the main lines of attraction. The railways' magnetism, the author insists, lies not only in the smell of smoke and the gleam of brass, but in the larger, continuing tradition of service which has informed them ever since the *Rocket*. The diesels and electrics will not kill this tradition, but find a re-vivifying place in it. On such a theme Canon Lloyd is at his warmest; for his special distinction as a railway writer resides in his power to communicate his admiration for railwaymen. At a time when the public facade of the railways is under sharp and frequent fire, it is well that there should be, outside the battle, this quiet reminder of the firm foundation of human excellence on which the permanent way will always rest—whatever the shape of trains to come.

S. L.

Isaac Deutscher Russia In Transition
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Week-end Competition

No. 1,407

Set by Red Setter

Teach not thy parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of the bird by suction.
The good old lady can that feat enact
Quite irrespective of the kind instruction.

On the model of this verse (quote from the Penguin *More Comic and Curious Verse*), competitors are asked to submit quatrains embodying similarly transformed proverbs. Entries by February 26.

Result of No. 1,404

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a novel entitled *The Countess of Monte-Carlo* by any one of the following: Dumas, Mark Twain, Sir Walter Scott, Baroness Orczy, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, P. G. Wodehouse or Randolph Churchill. Limit 150 words.

Report

A copious and really brilliant entry, and one that I had the greatest difficulty in judging. Sadly I found myself having to reject entries which, in a leaner week, would have scored heavily—H. A. C. Evans's Hemingwayesque bar room, Guy Kendall's brisk line with the Baker Street squad, Hilary's Scott Fitzgerald and Allan M. Laing's Dumas:

"*Qu'est-ce-que vous dites là? Je suis un père, moi?*"
"*Oui, M. Le Comte.*"
"*Mais c'est incroyable. Vous en êtes sûr?*"
"*Mais certainement, M. le Comte.*"
"*Hé hé. Un garçon, sans doute?*"
"*Non, M. le Comte.*"
"*Ah, c'est dommage, ça.*"
"*Oui, M. le Comte.*"
"*Mais elle devait être une fille, donc?*"
"*A coup sûr, M. le Comte.*"
"*Hélas! pas un fils.*"
"*Non, M. le Comte.*"
"*Cependant, c'est une héritière, après tout, n'est-ce pas? . . .*"

N.B. As you probably know, Dumas was paid by the line.

A guinea each to the entries printed below. Runners up: Graeme Wilson, D. A. J. S., Jane Albrecht, A. W., Finlay P. Murdoch, Leo Spero, Eileen M. Haggitt, Tom Haggitt, Gwen Foyle, P. W. R. Foot and E. Boyle.

DUMAS

Citizen Bienborné turned the huge iron key of the Inner Chamber, remaining with Lady de Frost by the door. Holding little Casino, the Countess placed herself beside her husband at the lectern, where the great Book of the Plus-Pluvieux stood ready open. His Eminence raised the Quill. A flagstone heaved upwards, and D'Artagnan sprang into the room.

"*Ventrebleu!*" cried Cardinal Sournois. "Careful with that sword man!"

"Aramis!" shouted D'Artagnan stupefied. He wheeled on the Count, who smiled at him with the face of Athos. The Countess drew aside her veil. Grimaud!

"*Mordieu!*" exclaimed D'Artagnan. "But the infant?"

"It is one of mine," said Porthos negligently from the door, where his grinning lackey, Mousqueton, was shedding skirts. "We will have it for supper."

D'Artagnan gaily hoisted the sucking-pig on the point of his rapier. "*Monte-Carlo pour la France!*"

All plunged into the depths as the door burst open.

J. A. LINDON

SCOTT FITZGERALD

He had been driving for six hours since he had gotten the telegram from her secretary. If it had only been from her, he told himself, it would have been easier to bear: "I have a daughter, Grant," she would have whispered through the print, and then their Santa Barbara summers would not have risen so cold and sharp within him, a heap of empty shells after an outgone tide.

He crossed the Belgian frontier, blindly heading north and away. The roadside trees echoed the car-engine back to him in rhythmic, menacing puffs. He stopped for gas at a nameless village and demanded the telephone: the mechanic gaped, impressed, as he dictated the cable to Perry: "Sell Lexingtons."

Ten hours later he stood by the sea at Elsinore. The other end of Europe, he thought bitterly: I might as well have stepped in one door of the car and out the other.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

"This," remarked Holmes, as we took our seats in the local train from Bandol, "concludes the first stage of our investigation. Your Countess is an impostor."

"I thought her a charming and innocent young lady," I said.

"Doubtless, my dear Watson; only she is neither French nor English, and certainly not a Countess."

"How do you make that out?" I asked, genuinely puzzled.

"Monte-Carlo is a purely fictitious title. Her French is fluent, but when she was counting her change from that *mille* note, she said *soixante, septante, octante*. That is the idiom of Switzerland, not of France. Her English intonation is faint but unusual, and when she mentioned President Kruger, I recognised the unmistakable Dutch guttural. She comes from South Africa, and was educated in Geneva. There is undoubtedly a connection with the diamond industry. At Marseilles I shall make further inquiries, and telegraph to Kimberley . . ."

ALBERICK

P. G. WODEHOUSE

I eyed him in dumb amazement.

"Secretary to *who?*" I demanded.

"The Countess of Monte-Carlo," repeated Ukridge airily.

I glanced at the clock. Seven a.m. It occurred to me that he had been on one of his all-night cadging parties, and was not quite. I said so.

Ukridge looked pained.

"Of course I'm quite, laddie. Dash it, I'm a working man now. Wouldn't be cricket."

He assumed a righteous expression that I found nauseating at that early hour.

"But how . . . ?" I began.

"Oh!" Ukridge flapped a careless hand upsetting a glass of water and causing a box of pills to scatter its contents all over the floor. I groaned.

"All right, laddie," came a muffled voice from under the bed, "used to this sort of thing. Fact is,"—here he raised a face the colour of a worried tomato—"the Countess is—er—dash it! She's having a baby—what!"

HAZEL

City Lights

Anticl'max

At a touch sweet pleasure melteth: the City, constantly thinking of next week's headlines, is constantly disenchanted with today's. There is a sour smell of anticlimax about at the moment. For weeks it had looked gaily for a cut in Bank rate: the waiting crowd grew larger as time went on, anticipation swelled, the celebrations became more confident and more noisy. Towards the end, indeed, a few of the fainter-hearted were beginning to slip away, suspecting that the whole thing might turn out to be a hoax. But it had gone too far for that. Grandma announced what she was expected to announce at very much the time she was expected to announce it—and the crowd, given no more than it had already celebrated away, shuffled home dispiritedly.

Grandma has been magnificently ingenious. She had made a mistake, first in pushing Bank rate to 5½ per cent. and then in keeping it there for so long. She wanted to bring it quietly down, to ease the strain on the budget and the balance of payments and make it possible to sell government stocks to the public again. And she had to do this without creating a mood of general relaxation

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Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

Continued Progress

The forty-eighth annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Ltd., will be held on March 8, in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, Mr. R. J. Berridge:—

The year 1956 constituted the 48th year of trading of the company and I trust that the report of the directors and the accounts will give satisfaction. The company's progress continued. For yet another year turnover increased substantially—to a greater extent than during 1955 in fact. It is thus reasonable to conclude that the company's policy of meriting in still greater measure the confidence of the shopping public through the merchandise values on the stores' counters was successful.

On the other hand the trading profit of the parent company increased by no more than 2.88 per cent., for the reasons that follow. Gross Profit margins were lower as a whole, partly due to the Purchase Tax increases levied in October, 1955. In particular the public did not take kindly to the entirely new 30 per cent. tax on many household goods which had always been free of tax previously, even during the war years. As a consequence, shoppers virtually imposed a buying freeze on these articles. Expenses were substantially higher, mainly due to wages and rates payments; wages represent the major proportion of total overheads and so when they stride ahead, profits are reduced materially.

Rateable Values

The new Valuation Lists for Rates resulted in the substantial increase of £500,000 per annum being levied on the company's Stores for the full year from April 1, 1956, or £375,000 for the nine months to December 31, 1956.

The proposed 20 per cent. reduction of Rateable Values of Shops dating from April 1, 1957, is thus most welcome, but I suggest it is no more than an equitable adjustment in relation to other classes of property. For the whole of 1957, however, Rates may well be much the same as for 1956, in that for the first three months of the current year payments will be at present levels or £125,000 more than for the same period of 1956.

During last year 42 new stores were opened in areas where the company had not been represented previously, together with the last of the blitzed stores at Kingsbury, North London. These additions raise the grand total to 955 stores in operation at the end of 1956. A considerable number of existing stores also were either enlarged and/or modernised.

The new stores include 12 Self-Service stores, giving an overall total of 29 operating on this basis. Self-Service has become more popular with the public during the past year, but as the problems set by their mode of operation are not entirely solved, the board's policy is to continue with this type of development with some caution.

Profits and Allocations

Net profit before taxation amounted to £23,319,355 compared with £22,523,066 for 1955. The increase was thus £796,289 or 3.54 per cent. The subsidiary companies contributed £44,057, this amount being attributable to the Kingston, Jamaica, store (for the full year to June 30, 1956) and to the Port of Spain, Trinidad, store (for the eight months to June 30, 1956). These profits augur well for the future and are beginning to represent a good yield for the investment made in those areas.

Income Tax rose to £9,853,238 compared with £9,723,271 for 1955, an increase of £129,967, the full addition occasioned by the increased profits being reduced by higher allowances for tax purposes. The proposed final dividend is 2s. per unit of Ordinary Stock compared with 1s. 10d. per unit of Stock last year.

What can be said of the prospects for 1957? It must be encouraging to all of us to read of the steps that are to be taken to put this Country of ours in a stronger position economically. To achieve this, mention has already been made of incentives. So that the whole population will play its part, a reduction of taxation in one form or another is undoubtedly a pre-requisite, applicable both to individuals and to companies alike.

In this new and encouraging atmosphere the company's trading will participate in any greater prosperity that results with the horizon dimmed only by the prospect of overheads rising at a greater rate than the gross profit on additional business.

at home or reviving speculation against the £ abroad. So she waited until everyone was so used to the idea that it would be an anticlimax when it eventually came. She made sure that the City editors were well briefed, and they all—with the exception of an over-eager young evening or two—agreed that the change was purely technical, of no interest at all except to those who (like themselves) understood the technicalities of the thing. And finally she made sure that the technical moral—short rates may come down, long rates stay where they are—was well rammed home. The government broker raised his price for short-dated bonds, while proclaiming that he would sell as many long-dated stocks as were necessary to keep their price steady. A couple of days later he was given the means to put this warning into effect: the government announced an offer to the public of £300m. of the longest-dated stock in the list. The public will take very little notice of the offer, but the various public departments which hold large quantities of stock will take up the new issue; it will be at the disposal of the government broker to sell when he feels that selling is called for.

* * *

The Treasury still feels that the economy, or parts of it, is too seriously strained for restrictions to be relaxed. The Bank seems to think that the budget ought to be the next milestone, but will probably not interfere seriously if market short-term rates begin to fall again. Whether or not they do depends largely on the outside demand for Treasury bills. The Bank succeeded, while the market was rising, in selling large amounts of stock to the public: bank deposits fell, and bank liquidity may be back to near its conventional minimum by March. This may make the banks reluctant to buy gilt-edged, and will obviously affect the terms and timing of the next government issue. It also means that they will be out to get all the Treasury bills they can, and if outside competition for the limited supply remains strong the rate may begin to come down further.

* * *

A good deal of the cumbersome artificiality of the monetary machine arises from the conventions introduced 25 years ago to prevent the play of market forces from pushing the discount houses out of existence. In the last few weeks, these have shown slight signs of cracking. The main discount houses, for example, tender as a syndicate for the weekly offering of Treasury bills: no member is allowed to bid more than the common price, though he can opt out if he thinks the price too high. The only competition comes from outside bidders, and the syndicate has to fix its price at a figure which brings it a maximum number of the bills offered at a minimum cost. This is far from easy: when outside competition is strong, the weekly discussion becomes more animated and the system comes under strain. A short time ago, in fact, the strain grew to the point where members were allowed to bid very slightly more than the common tender for a small part of their ration. The effect of the change in practice may be slight, though it tends to make for sharper changes and may have hastened the pace of the recent fall. In principle, as the first sign of competition returning to the market, it is of some interest.

The banks, too, are beginning to find that restrictive practices have their drawbacks. In the past, a large proportion of the call money they lend to the discount houses to finance their bill holdings has been lent at a fixed rate, tied to the level of Bank rate, and only a marginal amount left free to fluctuate with the state of the market. At times the discount houses—borrowing at a fixed rate and earning at a variable rate—do rather better than the banks think proper, and the question has been up for discussion again recently. It seems likely that the discount market, for all its love of a cosy life, will have to pay a fluctuating market rate on a higher proportion of its call money in the future.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 379. Watch Those Youngsters

When Larsen, at the age of 21, was named a grandmaster he was not the youngest to achieve such great distinction, both Panno and Spassky having got the title while still in their 'teens. Such glory may well be within the reach of 14-year-old Bobby Fisher whose remarkable game against Byrne I ventured to hail as a mark of budding genius; and even earlier results may be expected from another young American, W. J. Lombardy, who was 18 when, a few months ago, Reshevsky consented to play him a match and just about managed to win the last game after five very hard-fought draws. Here's one of them, a most exciting game indeed.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (6) B-K3, B-Kt2; (7) P-B3, 0-0; (8) Q-Q2, Kt-B3; (9) B-QB4, Kt-QR4; (10) B-Kt3, B-Q2. Reshevsky spent 45 minutes over this move, fully aware of the storm about to break, and the ingenuity required in weathering it. (11) B-R6, R-B1; (12) P-KR4, B x B; (13) Q x B, P-K4; (14) Kt(4)-K2, P-QKt4; (15) P-R5, Kt x B; (16) RP x Kt, P-Kt5; (17) Kt-Q5, Kt x Kt; (18) P x P!, Kt-B3; (19) P-Kt7, R-K1; (20) P-Kt4, Q-Kt3!

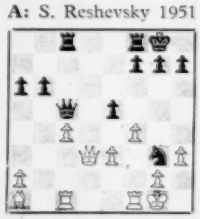
The point of Reshevsky's plan is the threat of . . . Q-K6 for defensive as well as offensive reasons. As for young Lombardy's next move, he should have given the P a double-push, as Edward Lasker points out.

(21) P-QB3, P-Q4; (22) P-Kt5, P x KP; (23) P x KP, Q-K6; (24) P x Kt, Q x KP; (25) R-KR4, B-Kt5!; (26) 0-0-0, R-K3; (27) Kt-Kt3, Q-B5 ch; (28) R-Q2, Q x Q; (29) R x Q, R-R3! Now, if the White QBP were on c4 White could force the win by (30) R-Q5; It would be his best move anyway, as Edward Lasker proves in his excellent analysis. Instead, the youngster made a bloomer, overlooking the devilish counter-mine sprung by Reshevsky with less than a minute left for his next ten moves. (30) R(2)-R2??, R-Q1!!; (31) R-Q2, R-R8 ch; (32) K-B2, B-Q8 ch; (33) R x B, R(1) x R; (34) Kt-K2, P-K5; (35) R-R3, R-KB8; (36) R-K3, R x P; (37) R x P, P x P; (38) P x P, K x P; (39) Kt-B4, R-KR8; (40) P-B4, R-R5??

With barely a second to spare for his last move before the time-control Reshevsky put the R on the one square where (41) Kt-K6 ch regained the exchange for White. Having sealed . . . R x Kt and spent two days analysing the position Reshevsky conceded the draw. If those boys Lombardy and Fisher get the coaching and support they deserve—and I understand they are getting it—they may well cut a dash for the U.S.A. even in the next team-tournament; and just to prove that some youngsters could play chess even in the pre-atomic age, here's a game won in a 1920 simultaneous exhibition by one Samuel Rzeszewski, better known now as Sammy Reshevsky. He was 8 years old when he played this game.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P x P; (3) B-B4, B-K2; (4) Kt-KB3, B-R5 ch; (5) P-Kt3, P x P; (6) 0-0, P x P ch; (7) K-R1, Kt-KR3; (8) P-Q4, Q-K2; (9) B x Kt, P x B; (10) Kt-K5, B-B3; (11) Q-R5, R-B1; (12) Kt x BP!, Q x P ch; (13) K x P, Q x BP ch; (14) K-Kt3, resigns.

A: S. Reshevsky 1951



The 4-pointer for beginners is a position in which White played R-KB3. Black could not resist the temptation of . . . P-K5. How was he punished?

B, a win, is pretty and instructive, and easy enough for 6 ladder-points. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw and quite a beauty. We owe it to the courtesy of G. S. Fisher. Usual prizes. Entries by February 25.

B: A. A. Troitzky 1910

C: K. Rundquist 1949

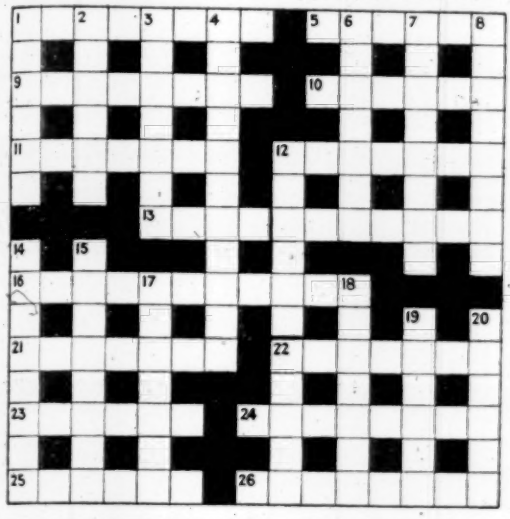
REPORT on No. 376 Set January 26

A: (1) . . . BxP ch; (2) KxB, Kt-Kt5 ch etc.
B: (1) P-R4, -KKt7; (2) K-B4, K-R6; (3) P-R5, K-R5!; (4) P-R6, K-R4; (5) P-R7, K-Kt3!; (6) P — R! etc.
C: (1) R-KR8, R-Q7 ch; (2) K-B1! (K-B3?), R-Q8 ch! (R-KKt7??); (3) K-K2, R-KKt8; (4) RxP ch, K-Kt6; (5) R-R1!, R-Kt7 ch; (6) K-K3, K-Kt5; (7) R-R2, R-Kt6 ch; (8) K-B2, R-B6 ch; (9) K-Kt1 etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, M. A. Anderson, E. W. Carmichael, W. T. Maccall. Will *E. Croker* please send his address. *While I am abroad this and next month entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday 2nd delivery.* ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 238

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 238, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 26.



ACROSS

1. Shell for the vehicle with a bit of speed! (8).
5. Part of a flower which gives the saint the last word (6).
9. A Roman Emperor looks a little modern in a work by Milton (8).
10. The game to make a supporter browned off? (6).
11. Strange morsel for such a common dish (7).
12. Regret about what sounds like the night return train (7).
13. Diligent people who spread the word among the listeners (4, 7).
16. The monster makes operations on an animal after a short time (11).
21. For a bit of variety put a whip round the naked (7).
22. The woman to quote back is one of unconventional views (7).
23. The lumber room and a place famous in antiquity (6).
24. Replace a little nourishment with a lot of machinery (8).
25. " An ——— may be crossed in love " (Sheridan) (6).
26. Part of the country where there is a story about the scattering of the seed (8).

DOWN

1. He is almost a guide, this philosopher who wrote about friendship (6).
2. Give a revised estimate of a saying (6).
3. Gilbertian pluralist (7).
4. One who adds on a fraction makes double (11).
6. Piece of land or something that works it (7).
7. Give mother the money to view climbing performances (8).
8. " There was no light ——— about Miss Blimber " (Dickens) (8).
12. Converted town house or home for the poor (6, 5).
14. Way of rendering music in which howling animals have their heads together, and without a single note (8).
15. Disease in which one passes away if there is no help (8).
17. Pain in which one should not go near a chemist (7).
18. Shows signs of respect for unoriginal dons? (7).
19. At painting's rising levels (6).
20. Blast the spiteful creature in woman (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 236

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 236

Miss N. Kay (Chalfont St. Peter), Felix Brenner (Redding, Conn.), D. B. Binns (Newcastle, Staffs).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the vacant post of Head Master of the Junior School, Nicosia, Cyprus. This is a school of some 350 pupils, mostly English, and is run on the lines of an English Preparatory School with expatriate teaching staff. The school is registered and subsidised by the Government of Cyprus. Duties: the Head Master is responsible to the Board of Governors for the proper conduct of the Junior School as regards teaching and out-of-school activities, and for the control of staff and pupils. Qualifications: candidates must be British subjects of United Kingdom origin, and possess a university degree or equivalent and a Teacher's Training Certificate. Experience as a Head Master or Assistant Head Master will be an advantage, as will be experience in a recognised preparatory school in the United Kingdom. Conditions of service: the appointment will be made on contract for a period of 3 or 4 years, by arrangement, with the possibility of renewal. Consolidated salary will be at the rate of £1,500 p.a., plus a variable cost of living allowance based on the fluctuation of the Government cost of living allowance after September 1, 1957. A free passage for the Headmaster, his wife and family (second class) will be provided on appointment, and the return passage at the end of the contract. If the contract is for 4 years, a free return passage will be provided at the end of the second year. A gratuity is payable at the end of the contract at the rate of one month's salary for each completed year of service. Furnished quarters are provided in the school, which is non-residential, at the rate of 6% of basic salary. Arrangements can be made to safeguard superannuation rights in the United Kingdom. Should the wife of the applicant selected be also a qualified teacher, she may be considered for any other vacancies on the teaching staff. The applicant selected will be required to pass a medical examination and to assume duties not later than September 1, 1957. Applications, accompanied by the relevant testimonials, should be submitted not later than March 2 to the Cyprus Commissioner, Cyprus Government London Office, 15 Victoria St., London, S.W.1, from whom further information about the post may be obtained.

ST. JAMES' Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease—Portsmouth, Group 49—South West Metropolitan Region. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should have not less than four years' experience as a Psychiatric Social Worker since qualification. The post carries the responsibility for the administration of the Psychiatric Social Work Department, which has a total establishment of four. Salary scale £645—£850 per annum. Conditions as agreed by the appropriate Whitley Council. The post involves case work in connection with adult in-patients and out-patients, and also in the Children's Department which has an in-patient unit for the observation and treatment of children suffering from emotional disorders. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

ST. GABRIEL'S College, Cormont Road, London, S.E.5. Required in September, a resident Catering-Supervisor, women. This is a new post and will involve catering and supervising the Dining Hall for 260 people. Salary £400-£600 p.a. according to experience. Applications, accompanied by the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Principal, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by March 25.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council: Senior Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Educational Psychologist in the Education Officer's Department of the Council with responsibility for the organisation and conduct of the Council's school psychological service. The Council's educational activities offer a wide range of duties for the staff educational psychologists. There are particular fields of work in special boarding schools and day classes for maladjusted children and in remedial classes for retarded children. A Teachers' Centre with department for remedial education is being developed. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology and should be persons with experience in the field of local authority work. Salary: £1,500×£75—£1,800. Application forms with full details, from Educ. Officer (EO/Estab.2, H), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by March 1, 1957.

QUEEN'S University, Ontario, Canada. Applications are invited for the post of Associate Professor or Assistant Professor in the department of Psychology. No special field is laid down, but there would be a preference for an applicant with experimental rather than clinical interests. The present salary range is $5,500-$7,000 p.a. for an Associate Professor, and $4,500-$6,000 p.a. for an Assistant Professor; salary scales are at present under revision and it is expected that higher scales will be introduced before next September. Applications, in triplicate, giving the following information: (a) full name and address; (b) age; (c) marital status; (d) nationality; (e) war service (if any); (f) degrees, educational and academic training; (g) research work and publications (if any); (h) present position and date at which it could be relinquished; (i) names and addresses of two persons to whom confidential reference may be made; should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. In addition one copy should be sent by air mail to the Head of the Psychology Department, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Canada, is February 28, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Moral and Political Philosophy. Salary will be in the range of £1,200×£80—£1,750 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£81 men, £61 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is March 8, 1957.

CITIZENS Advice Bureaux: (a) Staff required for Central London. Training given, three months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £435×£15 to £525. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. (b) Part-time staff also required. (c) Holiday Relief Staff: June to September. Secretarial qualifications and experience in C.A.B. or Case-Work. Apply in writing C.A.B. Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Assoc., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUCKLAND University College, University of New Zealand). The College Council invites applications for the post of Lecturer in the newly established Department of Psychology. The Department being a new one, the person appointed could have specialised in any of the main areas of Psychology. The salary scale for the position is £985 to £1,235 per annum, by three annual increments. Commencing salary within this scale will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is March 31, 1957.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Wardens of Sawston, Soham and Swavesey Village Colleges. Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates for appointment as Wardens of: 1. Sawston Village College. The College contains a Secondary Modern School (at present with a Grammar School Stream); Group XI, with 660 boys and girls on roll. (The present Warden has been appointed to the Headship of the Crown Woods Comprehensive School, Eltham, S.E.9.) 2. Soham Village College. To be opened at Easter, 1958, with 390 boys and girls in the Secondary Modern School Group VII). 3. Swavesey Village College. To be opened at Easter, 1958, with 300 boys and girls in the Secondary Modern School Group VI). The Cambridgeshire Village Colleges can briefly be described as Community Centres containing Secondary Modern Schools, and accommodation reserved and furnished for the sole use of young people and adults of the groups of villages they serve. The Warden is the Head of the School, and has general oversight of the programme of Further Education in the area served by the College. He is assisted in this latter work by an organising Tutor for Further Education. His salary is in accordance with the Burnham Scale for teachers in Secondary Schools, plus £200 a year for the supervision of Further Education recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education). A house is available at a reasonable rent. Forms of application and statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by March 2, 1957. When asking for application forms candidates should name the post or posts for which they wish to be considered. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

SURREY. Progressive Education. New Sherwood School, Epsom, has vacancies at the end of April for two resident teachers of responsible, progressive educational views, a man to teach any two of science, maths., French, Geography (preferably science as one) and a woman to help with under-eight-year-olds. Married couple ideal. Write fully to the Principal.

NEIGHBOURHOOD Worker (£609—£691 p.a.) and Assistant Neighbourhood Worker (£543—£625 p.a.) with Social Science or administrative qualifications, required to assist incoming population on new estates. Housing available. Further particulars may be obtained from The Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon.

IDEAL Home Exhibition. Lady Assistants required for Indian Handicraft Section, till March or permanent. Box 468.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council requires three caseworkers in the Children's Department to do intensive family casework with problem families to prevent family break up and reception of children into care, or to effect early family reunion and rehabilitation with those already in care. Candidates should have appropriate professional qualifications, wide experience of family casework and of co-operation with voluntary and statutory bodies. Commencing salary (as a Child Welfare Officer) is within range £599 5s. by £35 5s. to £775 10s. according to qualifications and experience. Details and application forms (returnable by Feb. 28) from Children's Officer (CH/E1/50), County Hall, S.E.1.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Shoreditch School. New secondary school (at present for 500-600 boys and girls) opened in January, 1957 in existing premises at Hoxton Street, N.1 and Wenlock Road, N.1, offering general courses in art, commerce and technical subjects for pupils entering at 11+ and 13++ some leading to G.C.E. ("O" level). Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £450 a year. School will be enlarged in new building, probably in 1959, to provide 1,500 places, and will offer wide variety of courses for pupils aged 11-18+ including a general G.C.E. course, five year course in art and craft and courses leading to G.C.E. "O" in needlecraft, commerce and furnishing trades. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Form EO/TS10 (SR) from Divisional Officer, D.O.4, Upton House, Urswick Road, E.9, and returnable to Head at school (Hoxton St., N.1.) within two weeks. (203).

YOUTH Leader, man, with experience, required full- or part-time for mixed club in West London. Non-resident post. Pension scheme. Apply, stating experience and qualifications, to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required to take charge from April onwards, of a Home at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, for 15 boys and girls. Sal. £395×£15—£455, less £113 for emoluments, plus £15 for certificate. 2 res. assistants empld. and daily helpers. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

COMMERCIAL T.V. Advertisement Writer wanted by leading London Advertising Agency. He or she should have had previous writing experience which can be adapted to the creation of T.V. & radio commercials, etc. Some knowledge of entertainment and publicity work will also be an advantage. Good salary and prospects in a rapidly growing department. Write Box 475.

THE National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers invite applications with a view to an appointment to the Union's Head Office administrative staff. Applicants with general administrative knowledge, and some industrial and Trade Union experience, with knowledge of, or inclination towards, research work are encouraged to apply. The position is permanent and carries with it good prospects of promotion, salary £624-£780 per annum, according to age and experience, subject to deduction for superannuation, etc. Applications should be addressed in writing to the Sec., 41 Portman Square, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS—continued on page 218

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, S.W.17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, B.A. Required September, 1957, lecturer or senior lecturer in mathematics; good qualifications and teaching experience essential. Training college salary scale; post open to men and women. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to this college. Application forms obtainable from (s.a.e., f'scap.) and returnable to Principal at college by March 1. (255.)

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for Research Fellowships in the Faculty of Arts. They will be tenable (from October 1, 1957) for two years in the first instance, and renewable for a third year. Salary £600 p.a. Applicants should normally have taken or be about to take a Higher Degree, and may be required to submit written work. Applications (four copies), which should include the names of three referees, must be sent by March 6, 1957, to the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2, Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Senior Clinical Psychologist required in the Department for Children and Parents, from September 1, 1957. Duties include participation in the training of clinical and educational psychologists with special reference to remedial teaching and supervision of their work in schools. Since the Clinic is psychoanalytic in orientation, applicants should have some knowledge of this approach. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of 3 referees, to be sent to Administrative Officer by March 2, 1957.

PART-time teacher required for adult painting classes, Beginners and Intermediate, Still Life, Brighton area. Local applicant preferred. Box 271.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

PHYSICIST required to set up and lead research department for investigating problems concerned with heat transfer and light electrical control systems. This department is a new venture by a large & expanding group of companies with excellent prospects for an ambitious man with practical engineering and research experience. Please state age, exp. and salary required to Box 458.

EXPERIENCED Welfare Officer required for follow-up work on maladjusted children. Based in London. Salary scale £500-£600 plus allowances. Box 462.

JOURNALIST with sound experience of both Article and Short Story writing can find interesting part-time work (at home) as correspondence school instructor. Write giving full details (in confidence) to Box 471.

MEDICAL Research Council has vacancy for Secretary of Social Medicine Research Unit at the London Hospital. Varied, interesting, exacting and responsible work. Permanent appointment after probationary period. Superannuation. Salary depending on qualifications and experience, in range £465–£690 p.a. Applications to Dr. J. N. Morris, S.M.R.U., Research Laboratories, Ashfield Street, London, E.1.

JEWISH Research Institute wants Organising Secretary with German-Jewish background and academic interests. Part-time also considered. Offers Box 389.

WELL-known graphic artist with West-End studio requires part- or full-time secretary-assistant. Box 423.

SECRETARIES. Two vacancies for personal secretaries occur in national voluntary organisation working for the betterment of relations between religious and racial groups. Medium range salary for interesting and responsible work. No Sats. Write Council of Christians and Jews, 162a Strand, W.C.2.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 14s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 285.

ABLE export and general clerk required. Good salary and prospects. 5-day week. Kigu, Ltd. LADbroke 1042.

INTERESTING job for intelligent girl, 25-35, leading to full charge City office. Must be good typist. Box 183.

JUNIOR Shorthand-Typist required by progressive organisation. Apply giving details of experience to Box 303.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff, M./f, perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. (W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

NEW York, Engl. family want mother's help. Happy girl, excel. refs. essential. Good home. Fare advanced. Interview London: Parker's Agency, HIL. 1831, 72 Holden Rd., N.12.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEVON County Council require a resident housekeeper at Maristow House Special School, Roborough, near Plymouth. Salary £315 to £360 plus £115 for board-residence. Application form from Chief Education Officer, Larkbeare, Topsham Road, Exeter.

PERMANENT part-time sh. typist, expd., for theatrical office. Knightsbridge area. Afternoons 2.30-6. £4 10s. Box 555.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Stand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPD. sec.-sh. typist sks. interesting pt.-time work. Hrs. by arrangement. Knowl. French & Spanish. Box 224.

EMPLOYMENT in Bristol or N. Somerset area. Experienced secretarial, receptionist, clerical. Open to suggestions. Box 381.

WOMAN Personnel and Welfare office, wide exp. case work, visiting, desires worthwhile post March, salary unimportant. In reach of Waterloo. Box 410.

OXFORD Graduate (Modern Languages), 8 years' experience in 1st-class advertising agencies, public relations and script-writing, would accept lower pay from organisation with humanitarian aims. Box 431.

ADMIN., organising, supervisory, outdoor advert., sales rep. experience. Educated woman, 37, car owner, languages, seeks responsible position. Box 428.

WOMAN, 25, with boy 4, wishes post with family in Hampstead where other children. Accommodation and salary. Box 523.

ACCOUNTANT/Office Manager, organising exp., reqs. worthwhile post. Box 549.

STIMULATING journalistic, editorial, publicity or executive secretarial assignment wanted at once, where initiative appreciated, with no "time to stand and stare." Temp. post acceptable. Box 495.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Fellowship in Drama. The University invites applications for the above Fellowship from University graduates of a few years' standing who can submit evidence of ability in the writing of plays and who wish to devote a year of study to this interest. The Fellowship is tenable for the single Academic year 1957-58 which runs from August 1, 1957 to July 31, 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of the University with whom applications must be lodged by March 22.

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Public Administration. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £700—£1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than March 1, 1957.

THE University of Leeds. The Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law. Postgraduate Scholarships. Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £330 a year plus fees, will be tenable from October 1, 1957 for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Arts, Economic and Social Studies and Law, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June 1957) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2. Closing date May 1, 1957.

PERSONAL

DIAGHILEV. Advertiser, aware international prices, wishes buy sketches, designs for scenery, dresses, by the earlier Diaghilev artists: Bakst, Benois, Larionov, Gontcharova, Malevich, etc. Please write details, prices, before sending any drawings. Box 554.

SCHOOLMASTER, German, middle-aged, wishes live with family Easter, Whitsun & summer holiday. Appreciate somebody to accompany for sight-seeing. STO. 8945.

OXFORD Hungarian Students' Committee is anxious to find long- or short-term hospitality, or free accommodation, for Hungarians attending London schools of music. 2 men, 1 married couple; personally known and recommended by Oxford hostesses. Write to Mrs. Beloff, 379 Woodstock Rd., Oxford.

YOUNG prof. man contemplates motor tour of Southern France & Italy in next few months; new Triumph Sports. Wd. be away about 6 weeks, poss. incl. short visit to Israel by sea from Italy. Passenger (m) wanted to share motor expenses. Box 388.

RIVIERA coastal village; furn. house, sleep 3; March £20, May-June £25, July-Sept. £30 monthly. Hollander, St. Paul (A.M.), France.

PERSONAL—continued

PLACE avail. car prof. party leaving May, trav. E. via Lebanon & India. Camp en route. Full detls. Refs. to Box 496.

CAMB. grad. gives tuition in Physics & Maths. for Adv. level G.C.E. Box 419.

GERMAN-spkg. lady reqd. as asst. leader for party going S. Germany July 11-26. No-pay, but ing. free holiday. Box 380.

GERMAN-English conversation exchange desired by English tutor. Box 448.

OPPORTUNITY Vegetarian: Wk.-ends/holiday in loveliest New Forest, return proportionate hrs. efficient help garden/house. Simple life. Olive Wilson, Godshill Ridge, Fordingbridge, Hants.

CULTURED Englishwoman, interested music, theatre, literature, fluent French, German, journalistic exp., gd. organiser, sks. post housekeeper/sec. to lady/gentleman. Live in or travel. 1st class refs. Box 321.

YOUNG woman, attractive, well-read, fluent French. Husband writes, so I must work. Children, teaching, translating, any suggestions. Box 420.

FILM to be made in East End. Anyone interested in helping? Box 320.

YOUNG Israeli S.R.N. seeks private nursing work. Fully experienced. 'Phone after 7 p.m. Nurse Bomzer, GLA. 2137.

EX-NURSE offers comfortable home convalescents or elderly. Short stay or perm. Mod. terms. Mrs. Thompson, 35 Westgate Bay Av., Westgate/Sea. Thanet 31423.

ST. Johns Wd. Lge. furn. top rm. & k'ette. H. & c. £2 & 2 evgs. sitg.-in. Box 531.

REQD. by person of some property & exp.: another with time & talents to combine in purchases &/or conversions. Box 337.

SCIENTIST'S fam. offer stud. b/s, 27s. 6d. inc. ht., lt., lin. exch. some baby-sit. or plus pkt. money more serv. PUT. 7467.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon.: send a card for Easter and Summer list of Vacation Schools and Holiday Courses.

PAINTER reqs. furn. studio house, country or town, 3-6 months. Careful & reliable tenant. Rent in advance. Box 550.

SOUTH African adventure. Anyone interested in making up a party to travel overland from London to Johannesburg (preferably via W. Africa) starting Spring or Autumn this year, please write Box 459.

SOUTH of France nr. Vence. Furn. s/c. accom. available. State dates and number of persons. Box 499.

AMERICAN yng. lady working in London wd like companion (f) motoring on the Continent this spring or summer. Box 501.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

HOLIDAYS, full of interest and enjoyment at extremely economical prices: April 18: Florence & Venice, from £37 10s. June 7: Amsterdam, £22. July 28: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Aug. 4: Innsbruck, with motor coach through Dolomites to Venice, from £35 15s. Aug. 11, 18 and 25: Bernese Oberland and/or Lake Lucerne, from £34. Aug. 18, Florence, Ravenna and Venice, £40. Aug. 25: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Milan, the Dolomites, Venice, from £39 10s. Centre holidays in Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria & Austria. Tours in Jugo-Slavia, Norway and Austria. Write to E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

BALTIC Cruises with 6-10 days in U.S.S.R.: Aug. & Sept. from £75 incl. Specialist tours: educational, medical, architectural or ballet interest. Priority to S.C.R. members. Write only (s.a.e.) to Secretary, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, for particulars; specify interest.

ITALY, 1957. Easter and summer special low-priced conducted tours. Florence-Rome, 15 days 36 gns., & excursions Pisa-Siena, 11 days Florence, 29 gns. Rome and Naples by air (August) from 44 gns., and many others. Write E.T. Assoc. (ref. N/S), c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, Ldn., W.1. (S.a.e. please.)

HEAVENLY Holidays at Down to Earth Prices. Here are some typical 8-day holidays: Austria, £17 17s. 6d.; Switzerland, £18; Italy, £21. Write for your copy of "The 5 Delights." Hotel Plan, Ltd., 11 Church Place, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

AIR tours: Easter in Rome, 11 days £39 10s. Vienna-Salzburg, July 22-Aug. 5; Majorca, July 13-28 & Sep. 7-22, £45; good hotels. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

ITALY: Holiday with the Progressive League on Adriatic Coast (8 days) and Bologna (5 days). Sat., June 23, to Sun., July 7. Friendly informal company. Good hotels. Magnificent bathing. Excursions to Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Venice, etc. Cost £37 5s. Full partics. from, and bookings to: The Hol. Orgnsr., 10 Park Drive, London, N.W.11.

THE Future: If you feel concerned, write "Friends of the Future," 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

PERSONAL—continued

HOUSEPARTIES in Britain or on the Continent. Spend a carefree holiday with a group of professional and university people at one of our special houseparty centres in Britain (Sussex, Wales, Cornwall), in Austria, Switzerland, Sweden or Italy. Special facilities for language study and sketching. Family reductions. Costs from 8gns. in Britain, £28 10s. abroad. Write for details of Easter and Summer arrangements: Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SWITZERLAND. 14-day inclusive holidays from 24 gns. By the shortest route and over 50 magnificent resorts to choose from. Travel "Free Lance" or join our special "house-party" holidays. Also to the delightful Principality of Liechtenstein. Illustrated booklets free on request. Dept. N.S.I., Swiss Travel Service, Limited, 69 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1. (SLOane 7111).

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Madeira, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

ALLWAYS offer ten-day holidays from £23 19s. 6d. and a wide selection of independent and escorted tours at all prices. Illus. booklet free. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave, London W.C.1. CHA. 6416/7

ADRIATIC Riviera. Fine sandy beaches—good food, the best value for your money. Italy (Riccione, Rimini, Cattolica), 2-week holidays by rail from 27gns., by air from 41gns. Yugoslavia (Opatija, Lovran, Island of Rab), 2-week holidays by rail from 27gns., by air from 49gns. Grand coach tour of Italy (Florence, Rome, Naples, Capri, Venice), 55gns. Grand coach tour of Yugoslavia (Ljubljana, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik, Split, Opatija), 54gns. Send for Free illus. brochures to: Apal Travel Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1; 287, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

BY Flying Boat to the islands of the Mediterranean! Join the Club Mediterranee of Paris and spend the holiday of your life at one of the Club's island villages in Italy and Greece. Under-water exploration, water skiing, French cuisine and wine at meals—all for under £60. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance in Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League arranges holidays abroad that are different, definitely cheaper and more interesting. Illus. broch.: I.F.L. (S), 3 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, April 23 to 29, for those wishing to join the staff of these tented summer camps with progressive educ. ideas, for boys and girls of 6½ to 18. Details: Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Ave., Gillingham, Kent.

GRANADA, Spain. Fiestas and Fun, Siestas and Sun. Spanish language courses in June, July, August. The finest holiday at amazingly low all-in cost. Details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. 20 countries. 2½d. stamp to 48 Dalston La., E.8.

HORSE-drawn canal cruises, Oxford-Llangollen. 6gns. wkly. S.a.e. Box 351.

EASTER week-end, Land's End. Cockaigne Club, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send to-day for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset. "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

ECONOMIC wines—big value in big bottles! Excellent Bordeaux Ordinaire—Rouge, Rosé, Blanc, all 9ls. per dozen large bottles (Vermouth size) carr. paid. Trial three 23s. 6d. Lists. Vault 4, Peter Dominic, Ltd., Wine Shippers, Horsham.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

PERSONAL—continued

AUSTRIA: 5 vacancies, priv. party. Apr. 11-25. Excell. ski-ing opport. Box 529.

THE most interesting selection of records of Folk Music from many lands is now on sale at Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St., London, W.1. Soviet, Polish, Czech., Rumanian, American. Also complete operas, soloists and orchestral work and a unique Jazz Section. Come and hear them!

BOOKS versus Bookshelves. Bookshelves made to individual requirements. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FREmantle 3328.

YOU threw a party last night, didn't you? If you can pluck up courage to look into what used to be the drawing-room, you may find a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry among the debris. (You may.)

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

NERVOUS tension relieved through new nerve treatment. Relaxation-therapy, Massage, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

TRUST a woman to tempt your appetite with Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast. Scrumptious!

P.S. Do you look back in anger at your 1956 holiday? If so, why not write to Harold Ingham for a programme of "Summer Schools Abroad." Lucky Jims (and Jemimas) apply to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

KRISHNA Menon's "Envoy": India & Africa, by Basil Davidson: Centenary of Higher Education in India, by Dr. Samuel Mathai: Letter from Bombay, by Rani Sinha: Profile of Ali Akbar Khan, by Melville Hardiment: February number, price 1s., from all booksellers or from 31A John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

THE current issue of the quarterly journal "Family Planning" contains articles on: Advice on Birth Control—First Family Planning Clinic in Trinidad—What is Eugenics?—The Human Sum—Birth Control in Prague. 6d. per copy or 2s 6d. per annum (post free) from any bookseller or the Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

THE "Humanist" states case for modern man (monthly 1s., ann. subs. 14s.). Send for free spec. copy and booklet "Living with Reality." R.P.A., 40, Drury Lane, W.C.2.

"TRUE Blue Democracy" is the title of R. Palme Dutt's Notes on the new Tory Government. Also: "Racial Discrimination," by Fenner Brockway, M.P.; "Economic Forecast: Set Stormy," by Henry Collins; "China First Seen," by R. Page Arnot. And two classics hitherto unpublished in English: Lenin on the Press, and Marx and The Fenians. All in February Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half-yrly. sub. from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

TREASON Trial in South Africa. For background read "The Choice Before South Africa" by Solly Sachs. Paper covet edition 5s.; hard covers 7s. 6d.; library edition 15s. Postage 6d. extra. Address: E.S. Sachs, 41 Platt's Lane, London, N.W.3.

SOVIET Information Bulletins. Education Vol. III, No. 3/4: chapter from "Not By Bread Alone"; Goncharov on "Statistics & New Thinking"; Letter from teachers on "Backwardness in Foreign Languages." Medical, Vol. III, No. 4: Report of U.S.S.R. Health Minister to all-Union conference of health service workers. Science, Vol. III, No. 4: Nature Preservation Commission; Lobachevsky's Geometry; Radioactive Stimulation of Plants; Automation & Telemechanisation; etc. Each 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8 (or bookshops).

"BRITISH-Soviet Friendship," Feb. issue, 4d. Emrys Hughes M.P. & Basil Davidson on "Britain & U.S.S.R.—What Now?"; Wolf Mankowitz on "The Arts in Russia Today."; feature on Automation in U.S.S.R.; Archie Johnstone's Travels (No. 3), etc. Ann. Sub. 5s. 6d. Send stamp for spec. copy B.S.F. (N), 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Eastern Philosophy, Magic, Astrology, Healing and all similar subjects. Send 3d. stamp for free catalogues: The Aquarian Book Service, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

BASIS of internatl. pacifism. Send 4d. for booklet. BM/JONIB, London, W.C.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps./journals. Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GREAT Book Sale—from now until the end of February, the entire stock of books on Politics, History, Sociology and others on general subjects will be offered at greatly reduced prices by Frank Cass, Ltd., 91 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"SCIENTIFIC World." Discussion forum for scientists of all countries. No. 1 has articles on automation in U.S.A., training of research workers in U.S.S.R., fuel problems in India, science in Brazil, etc. Published in English, French, German, Russian and Chinese. English edition available, price 8d. post paid (2s. 6d. for 4 issues), from W.F.S.W., 27 Red Lion Street, W.C.1.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in seven languages, "Pages for Practice," "Translator's Commentary," articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON. Bed & b'fast 12s. nightly. H. & c. 2 mins. Underground. Cleff House Hotel, The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

PROF. woman offers another comf. b/s. Use kit., tel. 2 gns. W.9. Box 527.

5 fully furn. flats/flatlets from 50s. p.w., approx. 10 dbl. bed/sitters from 45s. & 10 sing. from 30s. p.w. This is a selection of the apartments now available in this area through London Accom. Bureau. Approx. 1,500 apartments always avail. GER. 9050.

LARGE furn. double bed-sit. leading own kitchen. Gardens outlook. Very quiet, sunny. 1st floor. Coin 'phone. Select road. Middle-aged couple preferred. 4½gns. per week. Monk. HAM. 4007, 10.30-11.

SUITE in expensive Highgate flat; separate bathroom & w.c., offered to another male. Central heating; working housekeeper. 'Phone FITzroy 0670 evenings.

FACING Hampstead Heath. N.W.11. 2-rm. flat, partly furn. Alcove kit'ette., basin. £14 monthly. Suit single lady. SPE. 3313.

TWO b. s. rooms, newly furn. & dec., in sunny hse., W. Hampstead. Ckg. facs., tel., etc. 50s. & 55s. Refs. MAI. 3276.

CANONBURY 2495. Attractive divan-rm. 15 mins. City & West End. 50s.

ATTRACT. b/s. rm. basin, ckr. Nr. Golders Green Stn. Suit bus. lady. SPE. 8897.

B/S., h. & c., fitted cpt., ckg. fac., o'lkg. gdn. 50s. Use tel., bthrm. TUD. 5377.

HIGHGATE Wds. Attrac. f-room flatlet, top flr. Well-equipped & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 45s. wkly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

BACHELOR (mid-40's) would share comf. flat half-hour W. End with another if congenial on further acquaintance. Box 460.

HAMPSTD. Charm. quiet conven. b/s. for lady in studio-house, gdn. PRI. 3876.

VERY large single room, 47s. 6d. p.w. incl. heating, use kit. HAM. 1581 after 6.

RICHMOND, central. Period house, large part-furnished bed-sitting room. Own cooking arrangements. Tel. Box 542.

THATCHED cottage, furn., to let five weeks August-September. Berkshire Downs. Modern sanitation, electric cooker. Suitable two families. 11gns. per week. Box 434.

ALDEBURGH. Eccles caravan. Sleep 4. Dunlop mattresses. Pleasant site adjoining beach. Easter onwards. Box 323.

CHARM. furn. riverside cottage, Merioneth, 3 mls. sea. Sleep 5. Raeburn, bath, w.c. 6 gns. p.w. All May & June 15-29. Box 357.

SECRETARY, early 30s, daughter aged 2, urg. need s/c. furn. accom., minimum 2 rooms, pref. inner London or Surrey/Herts. border with gd. train serv. London. Box 407.

LADY pharmacist reqs. s/c. unfurn. flat, 2/3 rooms, kit., bath. Reas. rent. Will decorate. Easy reach Victoria stn. Box 444.

SMALL unfurnished flat urgently required by business woman who values privacy and quiet. Central or N.W. London. Box 385.

2 foreign post-grad. students & 1 piano sk. interesting furn. flat. Box 464.

WOMAN graduate, 26, reqs. bed-sit. or share flat, central London. Box 469.

PROF. couple, no children, urg. req. s/c furn. flatlet, mod. rent, end March. Easy reach Paddington. Box 503.

BOARDING accom. reqd. by middle-aged bachelor, Civil Serv., S.W. or West London pref'd. State terms. Box 502.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

JOURNALIST'S country cottage, furn. 3 rooms, bathroom, kitchenette, garage, garden, available now till end September. Accommodate 2 adults. 5 miles Leighton Buzzard. Buses & trains to London. W. S. Johnson & Co., Bletchley Rd., Bletchley.

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HOLIDAY house to let furn. Porthcurno, Cornwall, from May. Box 538.

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THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

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KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads, Beaut. scenery, good food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

ALWAYS stay at an Ashley Courtenay recommended Hotel. The 1957 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile," his reliable guide to some 700 Hotels and Inns, now available 9s. 6d. from your bookshop or from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd., 68 (N) St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

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